Feb. 1, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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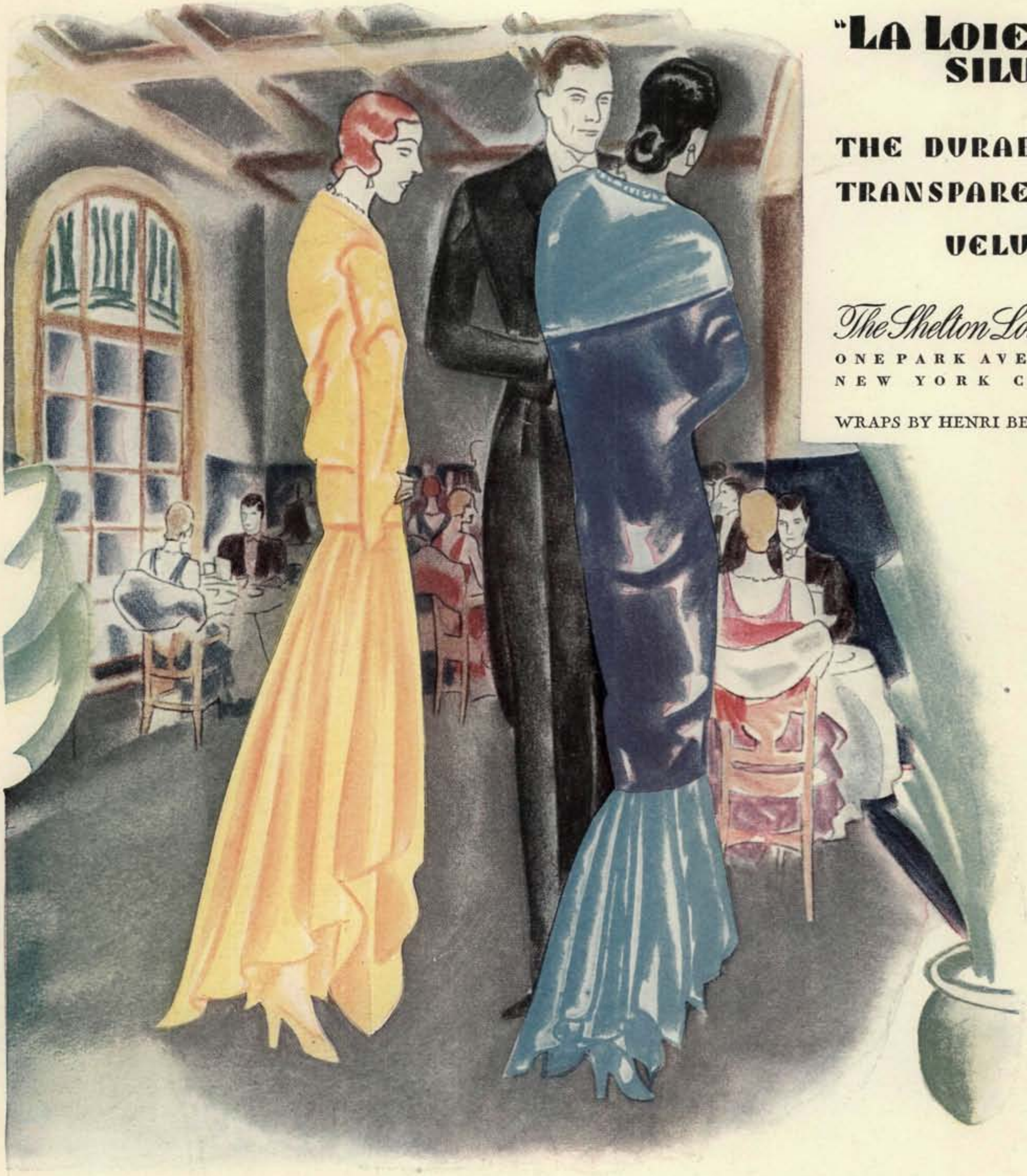

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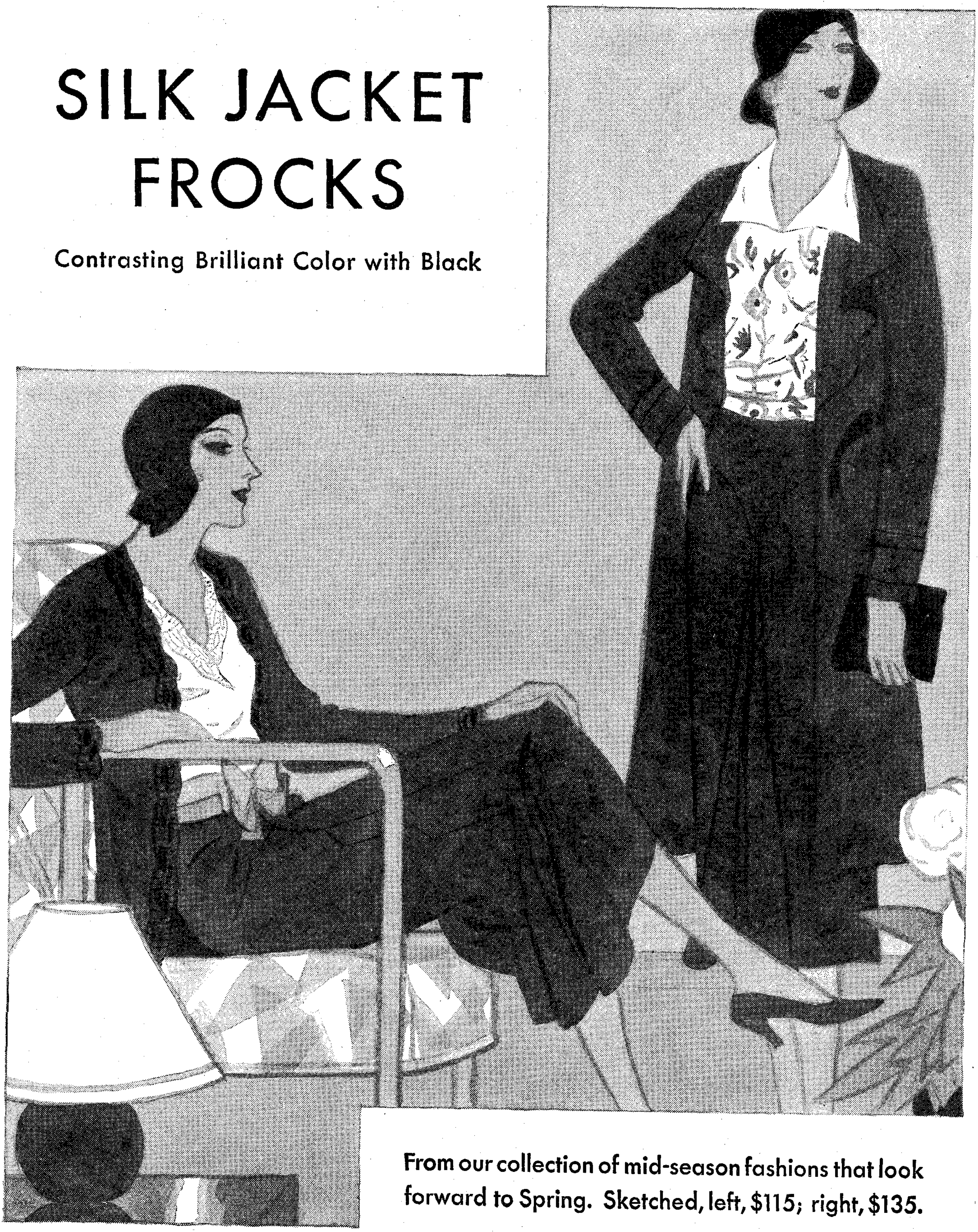

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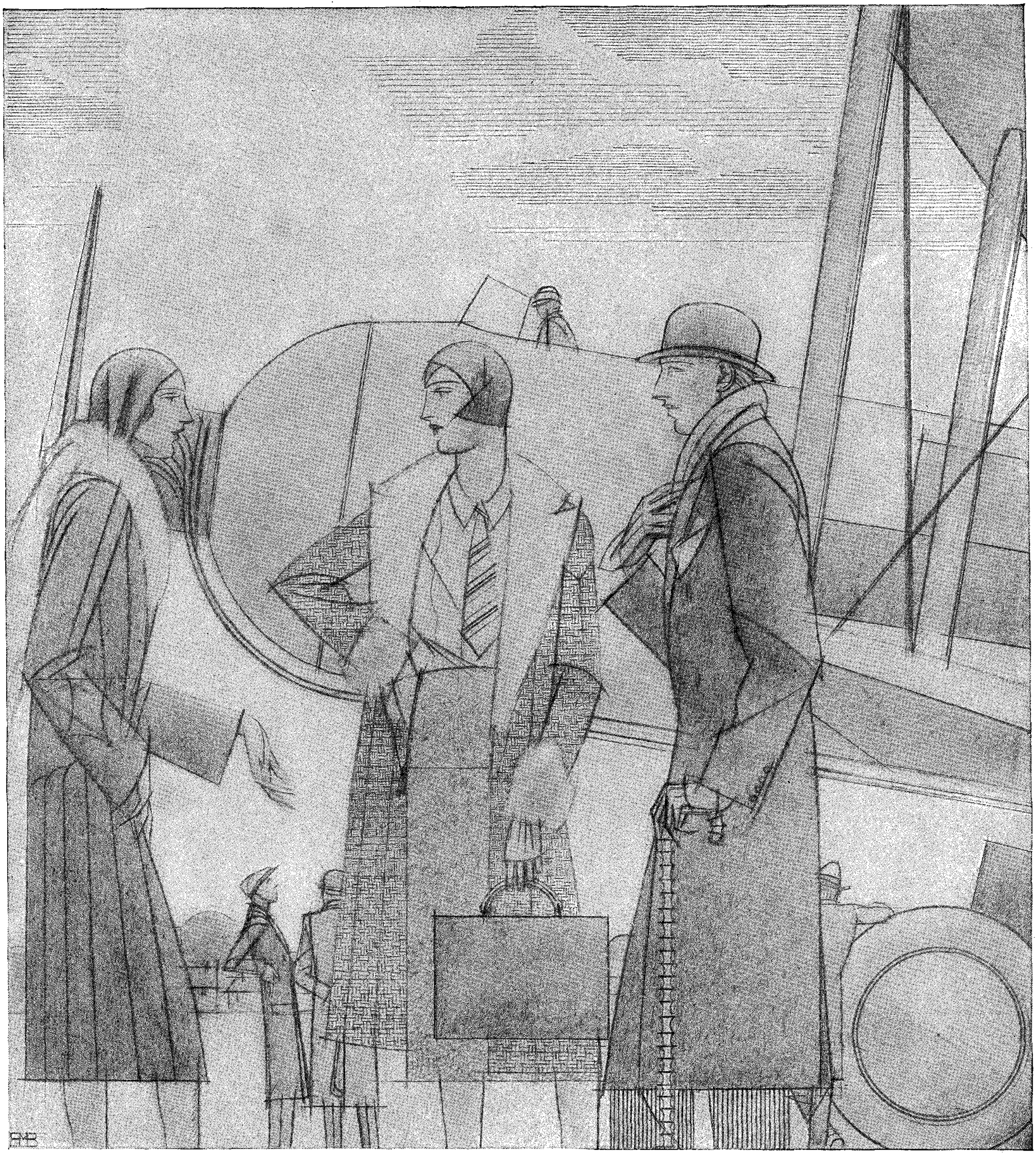
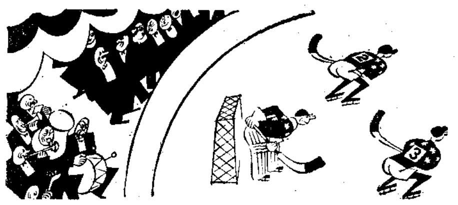
DRAWING BY BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF HARPER'S BAZAAR



○ ○ The fashion background may be an airport, a resort, a city, a steamer, a train, or a country club. There you will find smart clothes, smart women and the atmosphere of fashion and luxurious living which is typified by Harper's Bazaar. The February number, featuring fabrics, and beginning a new serial by W. Somerset Maugham, is being eagerly read by the members of the Inner Circle. ○



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

At the Bottom—An Americanized version of Gorki's "Lower Depths." Interesting as a *tour de force*. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Fri., Jan. 31 and Thurs., Feb. 6.)

Berkeley Square—Leslie Howard in something for people who like a certain delicacy in their spook plays. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Bird in Hand—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Forrest, 49, W.)

Broken Dishes—The revolt of the Male made into a stirring upheaval by Donald Meek. (Masque, 45, W.)

Children of Darkness—Fun among the prisoners in Newgate during 1725. Written with skill, and well acted by Basil Sydney, Mary Ellis, and an excellent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"L'Invitation au Voyage," a study in repression, preceded by "A Sunny Morning." (Fri. Eve., Jan. 31.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Feb. 1 and 8.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," a comedy from the Spanish of the Brothers Quintero, preceded by Alfred Sutro's "The Open Door." (Sat. and Tues. Eves., Feb. 1 and 4; Thurs. Mat., Feb. 6; Fri. Eve., Feb. 7.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's beautiful play of love-distraught people. (Mon. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 3 and 8.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoi's play, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Wed. Eve., Feb. 5.) . . . "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

The Criminal Code—One of the serious plays of the season to be marked "important." Arthur Byron is superb as a district attorney who is the agent for the unyielding forces of the Law. (National, 41, W.)

Death Takes a Holiday—Philip Merivale in a macabre account of what Death might do on his day off. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

Everything's Jake!—Some of the characters out of Don Marquis' "The Old Soak" take a trip to Paris, with one or two comedy scenes which make up for much. (Assembly, 39, E. 9 P.M. Mat. Tues. 3 P.M.)

The First Mrs. Fraser—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

It's a Wise Child—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Josef Suss—Good old-fashioned costume melodrama made from Feuchtwanger's "Power," with Maurice Moscovitch in the title rôle. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Journey's End—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

June Moon—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any theatrical district. Try and get in. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

Meteor—The Theatre Guild's first interesting play of the season. Alfred Lunt as a superman who keeps the pitcher from the well once too often, with Lynn Fontanne as his wife. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Michael and Mary—Not exactly a murder, and certainly not a mystery, but a murder mystery in A. A. Milne's best vein. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Salt Water—Frank Craven in a very nice little show about a sea captain who got stuck with a ferry. (Golden, 58, E.)

Street Scene—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Strictly Dishonorable—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Subway Express—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder. And, what is more, you get a seat. (Republic, 42, W.)

Waterloo Bridge—Showing what happens when a good-hearted street-walker meets a pure-hearted young man. Accompanied by German bombing of London. June Walker and Glenn Hunter are excellent. (Fulton, 46, W.)

WITH MUSIC

Bitter Sweet—Noel Coward's pretty "operette" *with no harm done to anyone. By now you must* know that Evelyn Laye is in it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

The Chocolate Soldier—Revival of the Oscar Straus operetta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Feb. 8.)

Earl Carroll's Sketch Book—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Earl Carroll's shows. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Fifty Million Frenchmen—Raw but riotous adventures of our countrymen in Paris, with Cole Porter's score and a cast headed by William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

George White's Scandals—Mr. White misses some of his old boys and girls this year, but Willie Howard and Frances Williams are still there. (Apollo, 42, W. Closes Sat., Feb. 8.)

Heads Up!—Good Broadway musical show of a period we all know. Plenty of laughs from Victor Moore, with a Rodgers-and-Hart score in the hands of Jack Whiting, Barbara Newberry, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

The Little Show—Last two days of this popular intimate revue, with Libby Holman, Fred Allen, and Clifton Webb. (Music Box, 45, W. Closes Sat., Feb. 1.)

Sons o' Guns—A big new musical with the incomparable Jack Donahue and Lily Damita. (Imperial, 45, W.)

Strike Up the Band—Bobby Clark at his funniest (watched by Paul McCullough) in a musical-comedy satire on war which should be part of the country's education. The Gershwin music is an important feature. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

DEPARTMENTS
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THE NEW YORKER
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Sweet Adeline—The days of the Spanish-American War made into an entertaining vehicle for Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others. The score is by Jerome Kern. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

Top Speed—Regulation musical comedy, this time with the race between speedboats. Irene Delroy, Lester Allen, and Paul Frawley are in it. (46th Street, 46, W.)

Wake Up and Dream—Some nice if unexciting British sketches and plenty of good dancing. With Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

A Wonderful Night—Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" in a good production for those who swoon at Viennese music. (Majestic, 44, W.)

●

Ruth Draper—Don't miss this one-woman repertory company. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve., except Mon. and Thurs., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Irene Bordoni and Lina Basquette are at the Palace Fri., Jan. 31. Lita Grey Chaplin will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Feb. 1. (Palace, B'way at 47; 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

Tatterman Marionettes—Every Eve. at 9, through Sat., Feb. 8. Special performances for children, Sat. Afts., Feb. 1 and 8, at 2:45. (Macdougal Street Playhouse, 133 Macdougal.)

For Children—The Juvenile Players in "The Land of Oz," Sat. Afts., Feb. 1 and 8, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

Rebound—A play by Donald Ogden Stewart, with Hope Williams. Opens Mon., Feb. 3. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Dishonored Lady—Katharine Cornell in a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon. Opens Tues., Feb. 4. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

The Boundary Line—A play by Dana Burnet, with Otto Kruger and Winifred Lenihan. Opens Wed., Feb. 5. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

Recapture—A new play by Preston Sturges. (Eltinge, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Sari—Mitzi Hajos in a revival of Kalman's operetta. (Liberty, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

DANCE RECITALS

La Argentina—Last two performances this season of the extraordinary Spanish dancer: Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:30. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi—Last two recitals by the remarkable modern German dancers: Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:30; Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 3. (Craig, 54, E.)

Agnes De Mille—In character dances, assisted by Warren Leonard, and Frank Parker, *diseur:* Sun. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:30. (Forrest, 49, W.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue refinement, but not to the dull point.*

Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893)—Featuring Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Harry Rosenthal's orchestra. Must dress.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music, with dances by Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon, and Tina Meller. Must dress.

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Miss Beatrice Lillie entertaining a smart after-theatre crowd. Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Larry Siry's orchestra and dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where you will find Harry Richman, Ann Pennington, Norma Terris, and Medrano and Donna.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

Broadway Atmosphere—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, featuring

(Continued on page 6)

THE "BEST" TWINS

have their pictures taken in the new Nadas

WE may as well warn you that the twins are not really as angelic as they look in this photograph. They are wearing the new Nada silk frocks with tucked and moulded bodices and a saucy little sash to pull the waistline in snugly. A demure lingerie frill nestles against the throat and there are pert bows strategically placed. Flat crêpe in new pastels—blue, rose, green, beige. Also black, royal, and pekin orange. Sizes 14x to 20. 35.00.

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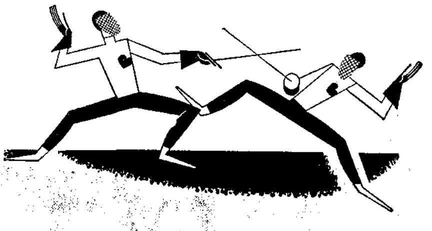


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8]

(Continued from page 4)

those crazy clowns, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, a favorite with the late Broadway crowd. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of Paris.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusingly decorated place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, has Sealtiel, the magician. . . . The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

Russian Motif—Russiana, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show, with Kosloff of the old Katinka presiding. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is agreeably romantic. . . . Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson—Some good pictures, especially of the happy peoples of the South Sea Islands and the Congo. (Cohan, B'way at 43; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Condemned—Ronald Colman's picture of romance on Devil's Island, formerly famous only as a French penal colony. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; starting Sat., Feb. 1; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

Disraeli—George Arliss playing the great minister again, in a screen version that should satisfy the fastidious public. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Hallelujah—The all-negro movie of life in the cotton fields. An unusual and distinguished picture. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 6 and 7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Hit the Deck—The song, "Hallelujah," well done, with Jack Oakie helping along the rest of the show. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Hollywood Revue—A motley assemblage of celebrities in a big screen musical. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 1-3; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Love Parade—Maurice Chevalier in a picture worthy of his talents. A comedy with music, and really attractive. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Navy Blues—Vivacious moments in the career of a gob on liberty interpreted by William Haines. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 1-3; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Sat., Feb. 8.)

Sally—Marilyn Miller flickers in and out delightfully in an otherwise laborious musical show. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Note—A new Plaza Theatre has been opened by the management of the old. For movie-goers of the better sort. (Plaza, 42 E. 58; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Devil May Care," Ramon Novarro as a very romantic Bonapartist in the days of Elba; "The Mighty," George Bancroft so good as to counteract an ordinary story of the war and the underworld; "Seven Days Leave," the old lady (Beryl Mercer) shows her medals to Gary Cooper in a gentle and rather moving picture; "The Taming of the Shrew," Douglas Fairbanks tames Mary Pickford in the screen version of Shakespeare's play; "Up the Congo," natives spied on by some American ladies; "The Virginian," Owen Wister's story, with Gary Cooper.

ART

Belgian—An official collection of the painters seldom seen here: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Eastern Parkway-Brooklyn Museum Sta.)

Contemporary French—The third engagement on the new battleground known as the Museum of Modern Art. "Painting in Paris," a thrilling show of the best moderns: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Gromaire—One of the young Frenchmen, strong, violent, and sometimes happy: Valentine, 42 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Marin—The great American painter: Stieglitz, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 1.

Modern—The Downtown Gallery have sneaked into an old stronghold of the mediocre, and will show their idea of modern Americans: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. (atop Grand Central Station). Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

New Yorker Artists—Exhibition and sale of original drawings which have appeared in your favorite magazine: S.P.R. Galleries, penthouse of 40 E. 49. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

O'Keeffe—Annual show of latest work by one of our great individualists: Stieglitz, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., starting Mon., Feb. 3.

Picasso—Retrospective show of this master and Derain. Worth your time: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Rodin—Sculptures by one who is the layman's symbol for good stuff: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 8.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Clara Rabinovitch—A young pianiste of unusual attainments. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 1.

Mischa Levitzki—The Mischa who plays piano! Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 2.

Josef and Rosina Lhevinne—Showing that two can play the piano as well as one. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 4.

Harold Samuel—The Big Bach Man from London. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 4.

Nicolai Orloff—What a piano week this is! Here's one of the best of all. Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 5.

John Powell—And just for good measure, another able pianist. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 8.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Children's Concerts, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morns., Feb. 1 and 8, at 11. . . . Molinari conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45.

Juilliard Graduate School String Orchestra—Stoessel conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 1.

Friends of Music—Handel's "Alexander's Feast," Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 4.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7; Sat. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2:30.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Manon," Fri. Aft., Jan. 31, at 2; "Norma," Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8; "La Juive," Sat. Aft., Feb. 1, at 2; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:30; "Tristan und Isolde," Mon. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8; "Sadko," Wed. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8; "Pelléas et Mélisande," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8. The Annual Wagner Matinée Cycle will start with "Die Meistersinger," Fri. Aft., Feb. 7, at 1:45.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Jan. 31 and Feb. 7, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Feb. 1 and 8, at 9, over WEAF.

Rochester Symphony—Goossens conducting: Fri. Afts., Jan. 31 and Feb. 7, at 3:15, over WJZ.

Boxing—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Jan. 31 and Feb. 7, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Grand Opera—"Lucia di Lammermoor," by the Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 10, over WJZ. . . . Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers:" Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 11, over WEAF.

Screen Stars—Richard Arlen and Mary Brian, broadcasting from Hollywood: Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 10, over WABC.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Children's Concerts, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morns., Feb. 1 and 8, at 11, over WOR. . . . Molinari conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 3:15, over WOR.

Light Opera—"Rip Van Winkle:" Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 1, over WJZ.

Armand Tokatyan—Tenor, assisted by Genevieve Rowe, soprano: Sun. Eve., Feb. 2, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Hockey—N. Y. Rangers vs. Boston, from Madison Square Garden: Sun. Eve., Feb. 2, at 10, over WMCA.

Giuseppe De Luca—Baritone soloist: Mon. Eve., Feb. 3, at 9:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Al Singer vs. Stanislaus Loayza, and Harry Ebbets vs. Doc Conrad, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31; Vittorio Campolo vs. Johnny Risko, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Hockey—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Feb. 2; N. Y. Americans vs. N. Y. Rangers, Tues. Eve., Feb. 4; N. Y. Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6.

Indoor Polo—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Feb. 1: Yale Officers vs. Squadron A, at 8:30; West Point Officers vs. N. Y. A. C., at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Feb. 8: Squadron A vs. Hartford, at 7:30; The Riding Club vs. N.Y.A.C., at 8:30; Squadron A vs. West Point Officers, at 9:30.

Indoor Tennis—Play for Men's National Indoor Championships: Seventh Regiment Armory, Park at 66, weekdays at 1 P.M., starting Sat., Feb. 1.

Indoor Track—Millrose A. A. meet: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

Architectural Show—Annual exhibit by the Architectural League of New York: 215 W. 57. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 8 to 10:30 P.M., starting Sat., Feb. 1.

Aviation Show—Opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Wed., Feb. 5, at 1 P.M.; weekdays thereafter 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Wed., Feb. 12.

Public Balls—Old Guard Ball, Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31. . . . Liberty Ball, Park Lane, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7.

Championship Skating—The world championship figure-skating contests: Madison Square Garden, Wed. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30.

Junior League Benefit—The performances at the Plymouth Theatre of "Rebound," with Hope Williams, on Tues. and Wed. Eves., Feb. 4 and 5, have been taken over by the Junior League for their annual benefit.

Burton Holmes—"The 1929 Mediterranean Cruise:" Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:30 and Mon. Aft., Feb. 3, at 3.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Eighteenth-century French furniture: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 31 and Feb. 1, at 2:15. . . . The Ritchie and Tillinghast collections of illustrated works of standard authors and many first editions: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 5 and 6, at 2:15. . . . The Schernikow collection of hooked rugs: Thurs. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2:15. . . . The Lee Van Ching collection of Chinese art: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 7 and 8, at 2:15, and Fri. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

Art—Independent Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 28-Mar. 30.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Ace Hudkins vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, Feb. 14; Kid Chocolate vs. Al Ridgeway, Feb. 21. . . . At Miami Beach, Fla.: Jack Sharkey vs. Phil Scott, Feb. 26.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 10-12.

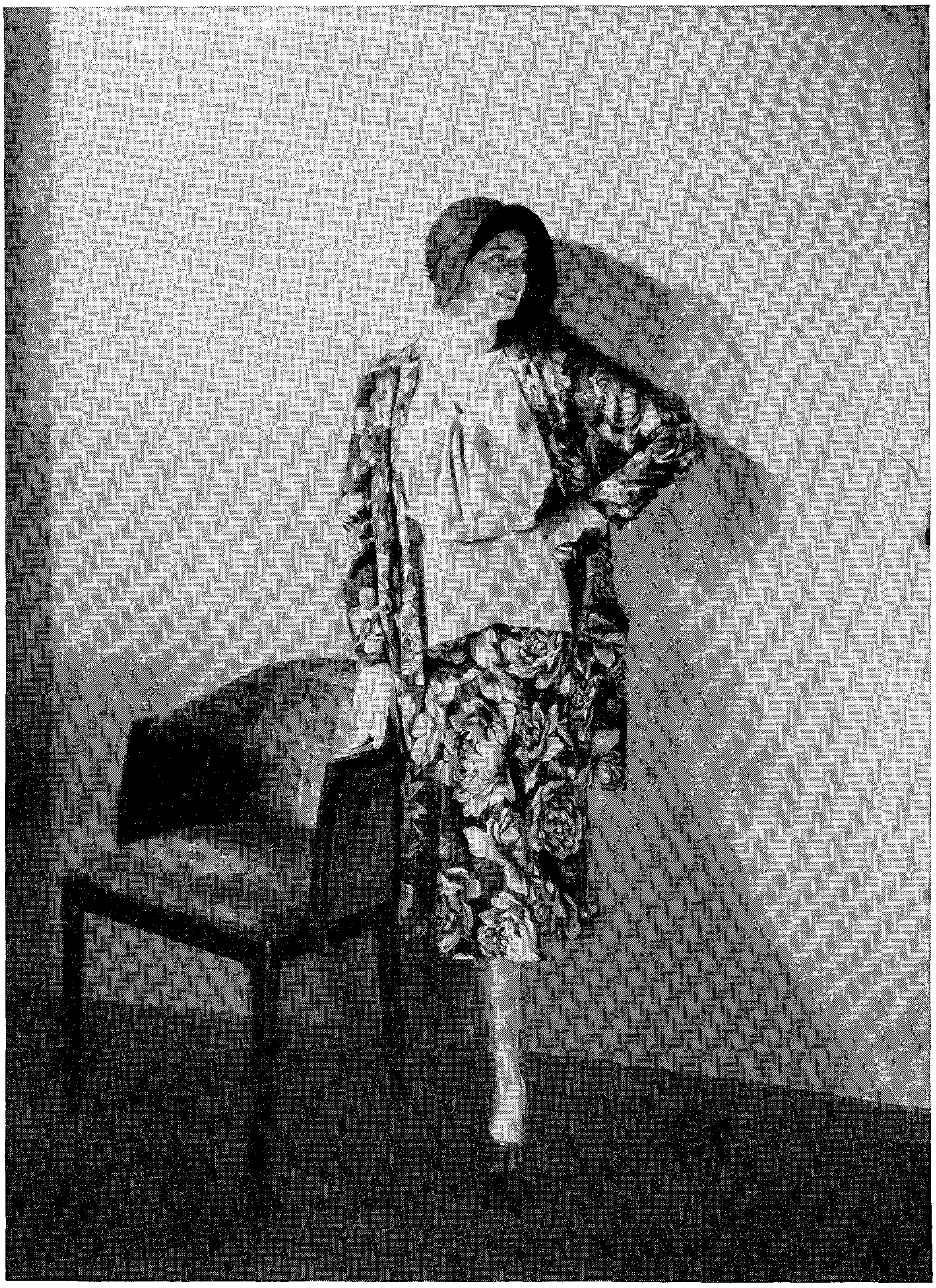
Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden every Tues., Thurs., and Sun., through Mar. 13.

Music—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Molinari conducting, through Feb. 23; Toscanini resumes conducting Feb. 24. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Gabrilowitsch conducting, Feb. 11 and 25. . . . Important recitals: Tito Schipa, Feb. 10; Frieda Hempel, Feb. 14; Rachmaninoff, Feb. 15; Mischa Elman, Feb. 16; Giovanni Martinelli, Feb. 18; Heifetz, Feb. 19; Yehudi Menuhin, Feb. 22; Vladimir Horowitz, Feb. 24. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

Theatre Openings (Dates uncertain)—"The Family Blues," Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy: Cort, Feb. 10. . . . "Ripples," a musical comedy with Fred Stone and family: New Amsterdam, Feb. 11. . . . "The Apple Cart," the Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's latest play: Martin Beck, Feb. 24. . . . "Flying High," George White's new musical: Apollo, Feb. 25. . . . Other February possibilities: "The International Revue," with Gertrude Lawrence, Florence Moore, and Moss and Fontana; "Simple Simon," Ed Wynn in a new show with a Rodgers-and-Hart score; "The Nine-Fifteen Revue," Ruth Selwyn's intimate revue; "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern and Frank Vernon, with Constance Collier.

Track—At Madison Square Garden: N. Y. A. C. meet, Feb. 17. . . . K. of C. meet, Mar. 12.

Other Dates—Six-Day Bike Race, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 2-8. . . . Ash Wednesday, begins Lent, Mar. 5. . . . International Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, Mar. 17-22.



Three-piece ensemble from Lord & Taylor

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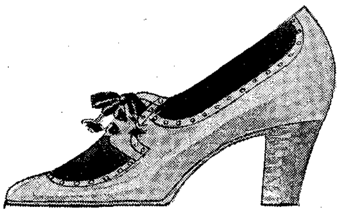

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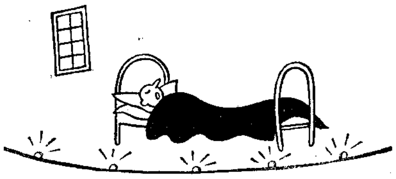
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE electric light, as you know, is fifty years and three months old and is practically a sure thing. Mr. Edison, therefore, must have a certain amount of time on his hands for other inventions. We don't know who supplies him with ideas, or even whether he employs a "feeder;" but for a long time we've had an idea for an invention and maybe this is the moment to divulge it. Certainly Edison is the only man we'd trust it with. The idea is this: someone should invent a way to use bath salts in a shower bath. At present, the only way is to dump the salts in the Kensico Reservoir—and that's a long dusty trip to make before one's bath.

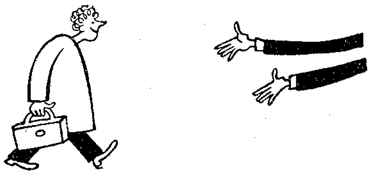
ONE thing we've noticed about characters in plays—they never open a window when they go to bed. Why is that, do you suppose? A minor point, perhaps, but it's beginning to get on our nerves. We've seen countless bedtime scenes on the stage, but we can't recall one in which any character, about to retire, had the common decency to open a window in the bedroom. They do everything else—put out the cat, take off their clothes (or, as in "Strictly Dishonorable," take off other people's clothes), brush their teeth, put out the light, and then slip into bed without letting any air into the room. Stuffy, we call it.



IT strikes us that the telephone company has been most apologetic about its rate increase. A polite organization if ever there was one—polite and a bit contrite. By its action, the company has, incidentally, set up a new social order: to some thousands of very important people the company sent a personal representative to explain the increase, and apologize for it; to all other subscribers it sent merely a letter from the president. Surely no clearer alignment has ever been made between people who mattered socially and people who didn't. We ourselves received a personal call. How we despise the great herd who received nothing but a letter from the president!

WHEN the French Line sent out invitations to its reception aboard the Paris, it figured that only about forty per cent would show up. This nice calculation was based on pre-panic social conditions, and apparently things have changed—acceptances came in overwhelming numbers, so that the steamship people were hard put to know what to do with all their guests. The same thing is true, we notice, of other parties around town this winter: almost everybody who is invited attends. It is an amusing result of the Wall Street affair—fewer people can afford to entertain and more people have the leisure to go out. It's a boon to steamship companies, publishers, and the like, who entertain purposefully, and a bit of good fortune to the populace.

WE are quite interested in Chicago's attempt to keep her poets from leaving home, and are willing to help. Chicago complains that they all drift to New York. A Literary Foundation has been established which will spend twenty-five thousand dollars a year in an attempt to induce writers to stay right within the city limits of Chicago. Of course, this is a revolutionary idea—giving poets a civic value in the eyes of the Chamber of Commerce; and besides being revolutionary, it won't work. Poets don't come to New York to get wealthy, they come in the hope of finding their true dream of starvation. This is a wonderful starving ground, with ideal facilities for starving on any income up to about forty thousand dollars. Poets know that, and they flock here, arriving in trains, airplanes, limousines, and fast motor launches every hour of the day. Fortunately, New York is in a unique position with regard to its writers; New York can act independently of poets, because the city has a good harbor, excellent railroad connections, good roads, electric lights, a magnificent water-supply system, and a lively fur trade. We could get along without incoming Chicago poets almost indefinitely. As for Charles MacArthur, Ben Hecht, and Ring Lardner, who came here



from Chicago, they are very good writers, but from a civic standpoint it would probably pay our Chamber of Commerce to keep them out of town.

Village Druggist

FROM Sixty-sixth Street to 111th in Central Park West, two miles and a fraction, there is but one drugstore—Neulander's, at Ninety-ninth. Isolated thus, before the bleak steppes of upper Central Park, you naturally find a peculiar sort of place. Neulander's Pharmacy is pretty much a country store. No stove occupies the centre of the room, but it might just as well, for the store is full of neighbors these winter evenings, sitting around and chatting. For many years Mr. Neulander has attended to the medicinal wants of the surrounding blocks, and also to many other things. Not only is he ready to turn out personally in the middle of the night to succor a case of whooping cough, but he can be called on for most any service. It is, in fact, a point of pride that he never fails in an emergency. He has put in a circulating library and supplies books to his clients. His wife is commissioned as a notary public. He will get you theatre tickets, advise in household accounting (he has a budget system he advocates for young wives), or recommend a servant. Or he will kill a live chicken your friends sent you from the South, lend you silverware for a dinner party, or tell you how to get your brother down from Yale out of jail.

Mr. Neulander is inventive generally. Taxi-drivers, dropping in for remedies or advice, used to complain of the effect of sleet on their windshields. He worked out a liquid which he christened Magic Anti-Freeze Windshield Mixture, and now whenever it snows or sleets he stations a boy out at the curb with a supply of this and a pail of hot water. Cabmen and other motorists drive up and have their windshields cleaned and treated with the mixture. Price, fifty cents. Also, he works out individual perfumes for women patrons. He does it by first getting their name and date of birth. This information he sends to a numerologist, who specifies the color and the flower appropriate. He then makes up the perfume from the given flower in the color named.

Negroes, who have moved into the neighborhood in large numbers, stumped Mr. Neulander for a time. He couldn't understand them, and anyhow they have a way of asking for any drug that has a high-sounding name, whether it is the remedy they need or not. He finally met the situation by engaging a negro clerk, who unravels the colored people's problems and submits a simplified report. Neulander's lacks the old-fashioned pestle and mortar seen in the window of most of the older chemists' places, but he is installing one soon. Customers with an eye to detail persuaded him to do so.

IN one of the new buildings in Lexington Avenue, incidentally, a drugstore of the new type has opened up with its walnut fittings and up-to-date ways. Nevertheless, it has its note of conservatism. An early patron asked the book clerk for "The Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour." "We don't carry it," said the clerk. Favoring her with a grave look, he added: "You know, she was a very unscrupulous woman."

Baby-Buzzer

A YOUNG electrical engineer having a baby, a wife that worries about it whenever they go out, a salary so modest that he cannot employ a nursemaid, and an old cigar box, put his mind to work a few weeks ago and evolved a pretty neat little contraption, something like the telephone but more like the Televox. To one side of the cigar box he attached a telephone diaphragm. Inside it he placed transformers, radio tubes, coils, all arranged according to the mystical formulas of electricity. From the bottom two wires lead off, one to a light socket, the other to a buzzer in a neighbor's apartment. Now, whenever he and his wife go out of an evening, the cigar box stands by the baby's crib, silently watching. Baby doesn't cry very often, but when it does, the first yip out of it sets the diaphragm vibrating, the various other sections of the instrument respond, and the upshot is that, two floors down in the neighbor's apartment, the buzzer emits a warning buzz. The neighbor is a good soul, and knows just what to do in such cases.

Higher Learning

THE zealous collector who gave us all the facts about the miniature lead-soldier armies of the world a while back now comes forward with an additional item to keep us up-to-date. Clarence Cook Little, retiring president of the University of Michigan, has given his collection up—turned it over to his son. Michigan, however, still has a formidable group of armies, owned by another member of the faculty, Professor Donal Hamilton Haines, who has been marshalling toy soldiers since 1905, when the Russo-Japanese War revived an interest he had had as a boy. He has a fighting force of about seven hundred now, representing thirty-two different armies, each man meticulously accurate in every detail, a point which is paramount with all conscientious collectors. He once had seventeen hundred soldiers, many of which he had cast himself, but he had to throw away over half of them in one swoop. He had gone in heavily for Latin Americans. One sad day he learned that nearly all of these warriors were wrong as to uniforms and trappings. He gave up this whole branch of his service after an appeal to the War Department at Washington. The Quartermaster General advised him that he himself had been unable to keep track of the military regalia of Central and South American countries. All he knew for certain was that all South American generals wore boots.

Professor Haines invented a war game twenty years ago which has interested many members of the faculty of Michigan for years. The elements of the armies move according to the turn of a roulette wheel. He has kept a record of all engagements thus fought since 1910. One lasted three days, and occupied the attention of ten professors all of the time they were not in classrooms. The results have sometimes been astonishing. His United States Thirty-second Division, which fights in its shirtsleeves, licked the whole German army, and his Marine Brigade, who battle in overcoats, conquered England.

Courage!

ONLY now did our report come in on the fire at the Explorers' Club dinner. The banquet-room had been put in darkness for the showing of a motion picture when the film burst into flames. Some people started to move pretty swiftly and noisily for the exits. At this point a diner climbed on a chair and shouted: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! This is the Explorers' Club!" Everybody was instantly calmed by this rebuke, and sat down. The fire continued in an orderly fashion until put out.

Skins You Love to Touch

AMONG the many Wall Street rumors was the one about fur-coat cancellations. People said the big fur firms were swamped with cancelled orders. This appears not to have been true—Gunther, Revillon, Jaeckel smile when you mention it, and counter with a cryptic reply: "The sable is a very shy beast."

Shy it may well be, as we have been taught by one deep in the fur business. Sable coats go from twenty thousand dollars up, and a single pelt can be worth twenty-five hundred. The average coat requires about one hundred skins, so theoretically it is possible to make a coat worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—but only theoretically, because no one could ever get a hundred twenty-five-hundred-dollar skins together. The most costly coat sold recently seems to have been one by Jaeckel for eighty thousand and no one-hundredths dollars. Jaeckel has sold three sable coats this year, Revillon and Gunther one or two each (we're a little vague on the figures). About six are sold every year. There are possibly fifty coats in town. Mrs. Edward Hutton is one of the heaviest sable buyers—has two or three coats and half a dozen neckpieces.

The little animal that all this fuss is made about is a member of the weasel family and lives in the dark, cold forests of Siberia—the darker and colder the better, since the fur, to be good, must be very dark and long. The Soviet Government controls the output, and calmly executes anyone found smuggling a pelt over the Manchurian border. Sable hunting is a fine art, the most skillful hunters electing not to trap or shoot the animal, but to tree it, thus preventing possible injury to the pelt. When they get an animal treed, they knock it into a net. Mr. Jaeckel, Mr. Gunther, and Mr. Revillon hold the net.

No attempt has been made to breed sables—it would probably be more complicated than foxes, the sable being a very shy beast. In certain parts of Siberia it is forbidden to catch them at all, since the government is anxious to prevent their extinction. Anxious to the point of being worried sick. As things are now, about twelve thousand skins come out of Siberia every year, of which only about three thousand are suitable for making coats. The others are used for scarves, and to trim ermine coats. We were told that this year's output of really fine sables (fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dol-

SIGHT SEEING BUS
GLASS OBSERVATION TOP
CHINATOWN
R. Van Buren

lars) is not more than twenty. Gunther has two, for twenty-four hundred dollars each. Just in passing, we might add that being exiled to Siberia has its points: one of the largest sable dealers, before the war, was a man sent to Siberia for murder. He made good.

Almost as shy as the sable is the chinchilla. It inhabits the Andes in South America, and for the past five years has been living the life of Riley, enjoying the complete protection of the law. Any chinchilla coat you buy is from smuggled skins. The last legal coat was made up and sold this year. There is another chinchilla that resides in Peru, ritzier than the Andes kind—so ritzy, in fact, as to be almost extinct. He is known as the Royal Peruvian.

It is with a profound feeling of pride that we close our lecture by telling where the best mink skins come from. They come not from the Orient, not from Alaska, but from little old upper New York State. Isn't that marvellous? The coats run from two thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars, so a lot of minks never get very far from where they are born.

Incognito

THE Medical Center is calmer now, but just after Tunney arrived there the excitement was terrific. Young internes went around shadow-boxing. There was a general slicking-up all along the line. The head nurse told the orderly for Heaven's sake to put on a clean apron, and the chambermaid went out and got a permanent before she went in to clean up the room. Many of the nurses managed to stroll down the Tunney corridor on one pretext or another, but all they saw was a closed door bearing the misleading but simple name, "Mr. Brown."

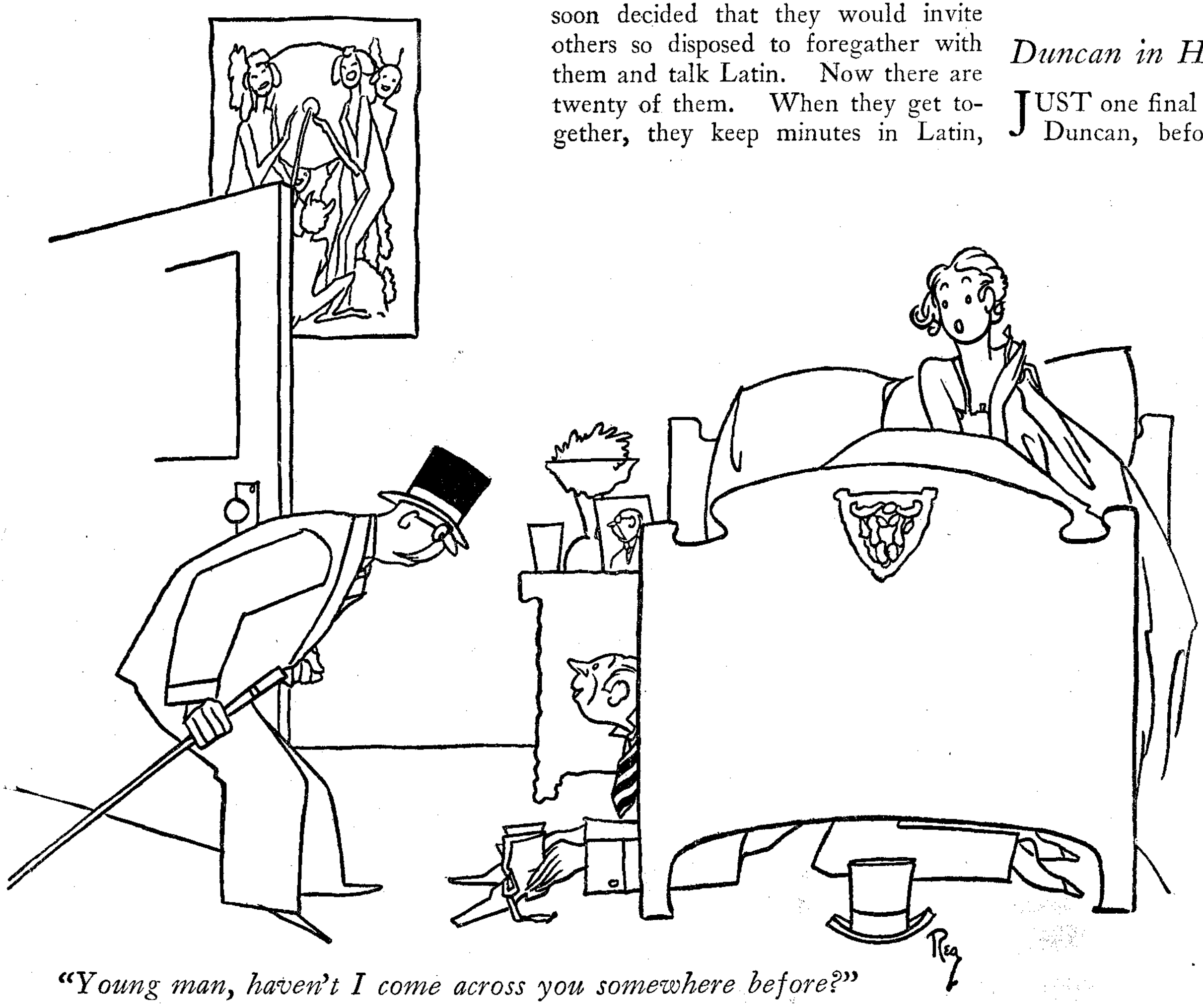
Gentlemen, Inc.

IT was about eighteen years ago that Dr. Arcadius Avellanus of Brooklyn began talking Latin to his buddies, Mr. Herbert Cornwell and Dr. Leffingwell Hedge. They used to meet in small restaurants twice a week, to speak to each other in Latin. They soon decided that they would invite others so disposed to foregather with them and talk Latin. Now there are twenty of them. When they get together, they keep minutes in Latin, read papers in Latin, eat dinner practically in Latin, and when they have nothing else to do they write each other letters in Latin, beginning *"Vir Clarissime"* and ending *"Tibi obsequentissimus."* This sort of thing keeps a member in good spirits for weeks.

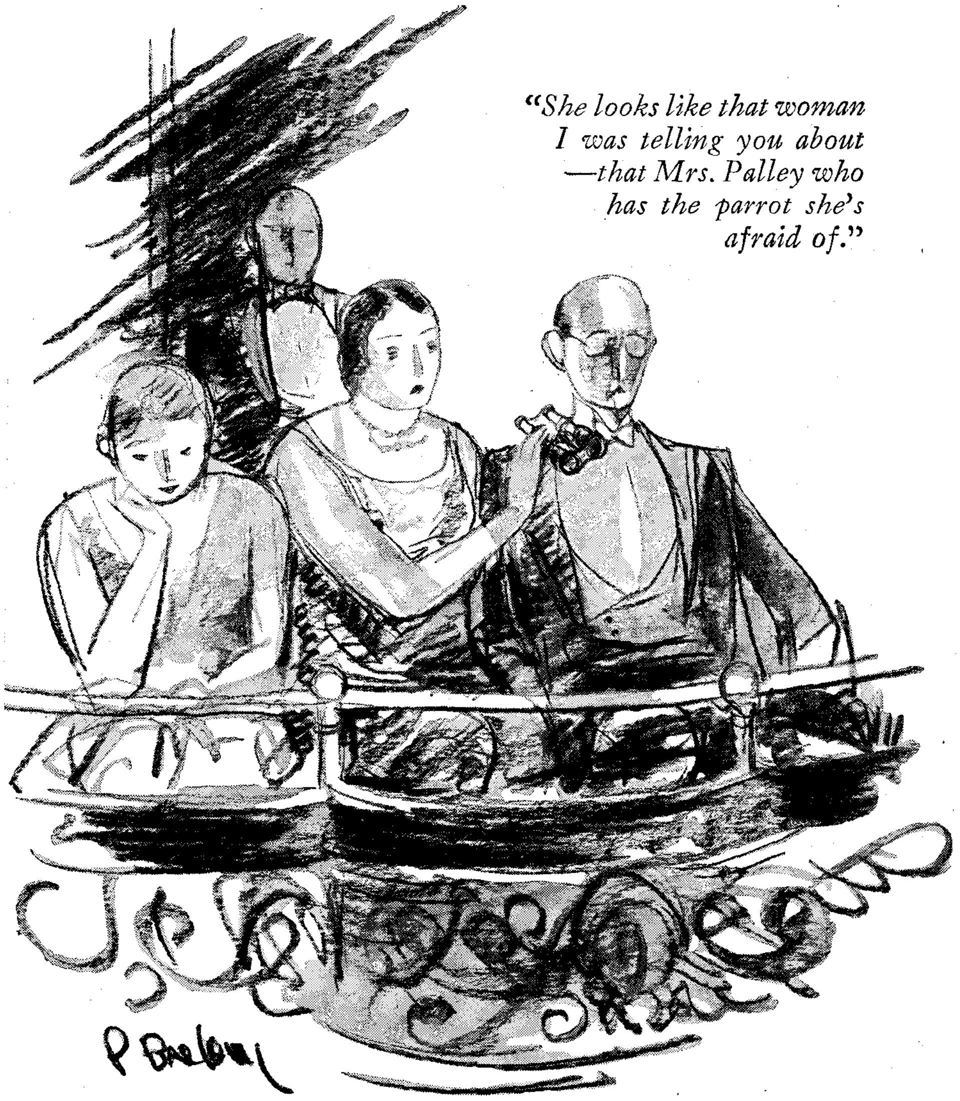
They are incorporated—The Society of Latin Gentlemen, Inc. Dr. Avellanus is now eighty, and is probably the greatest Latin scholar in the country. He used to teach in Brooklyn, but now only gives occasional private lessons. Hungarian by birth, he speaks Latin with complete fluency, and his idea is that it should be taught as a living language instead of a dead one. That is why he has translated popular books into Latin, among them "Treasure Island," which you will be glad to know is called "Insula Thesaurica," and another book which we will let you guess: "Vita Discriminaque Robinsonis Crusoei." Also three or four other books, one of them a detective story. These tomes are published by Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice, who is sort of patron of the Doctor. The charter members, we understand, are still going strong after all these years.

Duncan in Harlem

JUST one final story about Raymond Duncan, before winding up. It seems that among the groups he has recently addressed on Art, Relaxation, etc., was one of the haughtiest and most cultured of the Harlem intellectual cliques. They are distinctly of the Booker T. Washington tradition and have nothing in common with modern jazz tendencies. Of this Mr. Duncan did not seem fully aware. During the course of the soirée he was asked why he had come to America, and more specifically to Harlem. He explained that he had been inspired to make the pilgrimage after hearing American colored jazz bands play in various places



"Young man, haven't I come across you somewhere before?"
"Ah, yes. Last year, when we lived in Madison Avenue."



"She looks like that woman I was telling you about—that Mrs. Palley who has the parrot she's afraid of."

on the Riviera. One especially attracted him—Charlie Johnson's Jazz-Boys, or something of the sort. "And so," said Mr. Duncan, "I wanted to come back and meet you all—the brothers and sisters of Charlie Johnson's Jazz-Boys."

Brown Brothers

CHAMBERLAIN BROWN probably has the biggest acquaintance of anyone on Broadway, unless it's his brother Lyman. The two Browns know every actor in town, and most of the opera singers and prizefighters also. Their business is placing actors in parts. If an actor gets a job through them he pays a certain commission and, naturally, it behooves them to keep in close touch with the situation. They are a godsend to managers. If a difficult play comes along, the Browns must know where the available actors best fitted to the rôles can be found. To be thus ready at all times the brothers keep many and enormous scrapbooks, the greatest collection of theatrical clippings in the world. The books occupy most of the space in two large rooms at the agents' offices in Forty-fifth Street. Every actor of any consequence has a book to himself, some of them more. Jeritza and Jack Dempsey have the most, four each. The Browns don't let people borrow the scrapbooks any more. An opera singer took hers out once and was so pleased with it that she kept it.

A play needs a red-headed actor, say. The management queries the Browns. They refer to a cross-index of their scrapbooks. This tells them that James Cagney is in Harrisburg, Allen Bunce in South Norwalk, and Charles Bickford in Skowhegan. The agents offer the jobs to these men. If none are available they have plenty more listed. They have inexhaustible lists of special types—juveniles, all kinds of character actors, German-speaking players, actors who can play this or that kind of musical instrument, six-foot men, old people, children of all ages, and so on.

The Browns do their own clipping of newspapers. They like to. They have liked clipping newspapers ever since they were children, and it is this that led them into their present business.

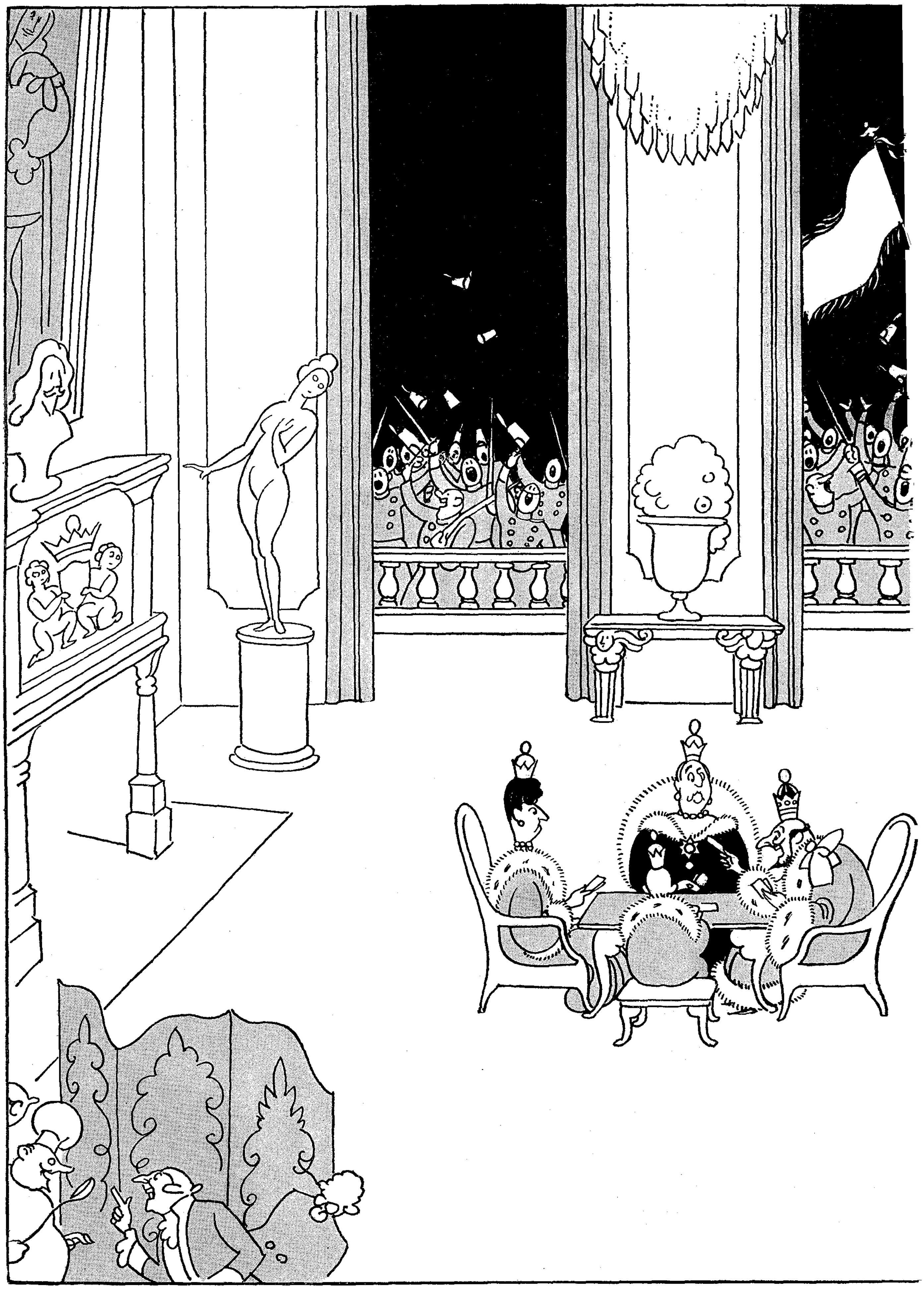
As youngsters in Boston they began cutting out pictures and items about actors and pasting them into books. As he grew up, Chamberlain became interested in the theatre, acting part of the time, hanging around stages regardless, if he was unemployed. He and his brother kept up the scrapbooks, nevertheless. Chamberlain found he had constructive ideas about the stage. Suggestions he volunteered to directors and producers were adopted. This led him to believe that the scrapbooks had commercial possibilities. He and his brother opened up as casting agents, and were successful. During the days in Boston, when Chamberlain was eight or nine, he met R. F. Outcault, the cartoonist. He had bobbed hair, wore a wide collar, and looked pretty cute. Outcault asked him to pose. The casual drawing made then was the origin of the famous comics, "Buster Brown." Tige, the bulldog, was born the same day, but out of Outcault's imagination. He just added him to the picture of Chamberlain Brown as an impulse. There never was an original.

When not clipping, or at other office work, the Browns spend much of their time exploring out-of-the-way theatres for talent. They discovered Ben-Ami this way, and Judith Anderson, William Gaxton, Edna May Oliver, and many others. They live together, have a Pekinese apiece, and look much alike. At noon they can usually be found at Sardi's Restaurant, sitting under the framed caricature of Chamberlain.

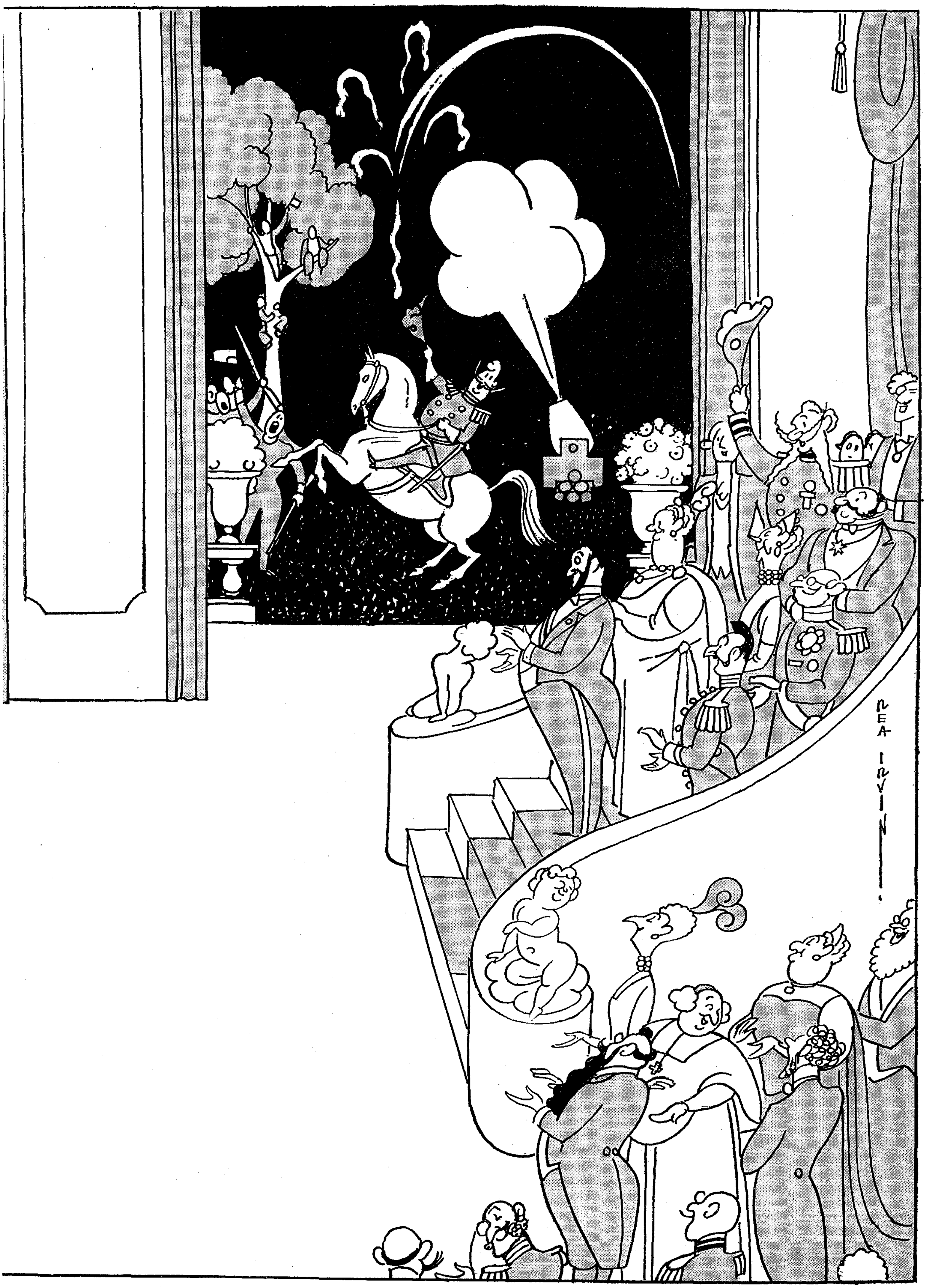
Civic Force

RARELY—oh, so rarely!—do we receive concrete evidence of our influence in the community, although naturally we are vaguely aware that ours is a great power. A specific and an impressive instance is now reported, however. It follows our mention a few weeks since of a conductor on the Eighth Street line who amuses himself with a toy mouse, which he leaves in the aisle of his car to frighten women passengers. A friend of ours now advises that he was going up in one of the elevators at the Plaza last Monday when he saw a mouse on the floor. He turned it over with his toe and saw it was made of rubber. Glancing up at the operator, he caught him grinning widely. "Your mouse?" he inquired. "Yeah," said the operator. "I got the idea out of THE NEW YORKER."

—THE NEW YORKERS



THE KIBITZERS


REA IRVIN

WHAT LIFE DID TO US

ONE MAN'S TRUE CONFESSION

I SHALL always remember the fourteenth of January because that was the day the telephone company interrupted my service. In a way I am glad that it happened. It's a long story, almost as long as "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," and begins some months ago, when I began to get lax about paying my phone bill. This became a habit. Things went from bad to worse. Sometimes I wouldn't even open the letters that came from the phone company. Then I would dream about them, and in my dreams the letters became as large as billboard posters and had to be opened with a sword. I went to a psychoanalyst about this and he recommended that I and the telephone company go away somewhere, preferably Bermuda or the Riviera, and try to begin all over again.

The whole thing was getting on the phone company's nerves almost as badly as it was getting on mine. The company could no longer keep its mind on its work. It forgot things. For example, it forgot to interrupt my telephone service on January 1, the date which it had previously set, and finally got word to me by way of the woman who cleans my apartment that the service would be interrupted on January 14. That struck me as a pretty strange kind of day. It's neither the first of the month, the middle of the month, nor the end of the month; it's the kind of day that only a company which is no longer sure of itself would think up. This worried me. Both of us were just drifting along, wasting our talents, getting nowhere. One day the company would threaten to interrupt my service, the next day it would forget about it. This kept me constantly on edge. One day I would decide to pay up, and the next day I would be too depressed to go ahead with it. That kept the company on edge. Both of us had begun to feel that things had gone so far now that there was simply no use trying to begin all over again. And yet we couldn't get away from each other!

THE estrangement began as the result of a minor misunderstanding. One day, more than two months ago, the phone bill came and I couldn't make out how much it was. I was unused to paying phone bills because, up until a few months ago, a friend who has since moved away used to pay them for me. After he went away, I had to deal directly with the company. Naturally, we were thrown pretty much together, especially after I quit paying the bills. I used to get letters from the company every day. Some days I got two. But our tastes and our modes of living were dissimilar; we were ill-adjusted from the beginning. Either of us would have got along all right with somebody else, but our natures were simply not meant for each other. This began to show up in the phone company's work even more quickly than it did in mine. The phone company has more work to do, for one thing. That distressed me. I felt I was holding it back. It was simply a case of an organization and an individual trying to get along together when they should have known better from the start.

BUT to get back to that fatal day, more than two months ago. I couldn't make out how much I had to pay because, for one thing, the company has a nasty little mannerism of listing its twelve branch offices on the reverse side of its bills. I took this particular bill out of the envelope upside down and was instantly mixed up in a lot of figures, such as "3543 Broadway (Cor. 145th Street)." There were eleven other such addresses—think of it! To a man who had never before in his life paid any money directly to a public utility, the confusion was too great. I decided not to pay the bill. I tried to forget about it. I haunted speakeasies and night clubs, and seldom slept. I would pop in on friends at all hours of the night and play their radios. But there was no getting away from the phone company. It began to write every day—warnings, exhortations, appeals to my better nature. I'll say for the company that even in its threats, which were resorted to only as a last desperate measure, it was courteous.

Finally the company took the tack of trying to revive the spark of manhood which it generously insisted must still be alive in me—even after ten weeks of no remittances. It used up all the regular printed forms it has to meet such a situation. The last one I got said that not only was the service going to be discontinued, but the apparatus was going to be taken out. This made a recluse of me. I refused to answer the apartment bell. Laundry piled up inside the place; newspapers and milk bottles piled up outside; my oldest friends couldn't get in. At length I decided to give up—anything was better than this! I hoped the phone company would come and batter down the door and get the thing over with. Instead it sent me a resigned little note saying that it would have taken the phone out long ago, but couldn't get in. This got us nowhere. We continued to drag along like that. Finally, one day, the company phoned (and it doesn't phone everybody) and told my cleaning maid, who happened to be in the apartment alone, that unless it received payment by January 14, the service would be interrupted. The maid wrote this out for me, in a little note, but she made it "interpreted" instead of "interrupted." This was a last crushing bit of irony. It just happens that interpretation of telephone service is one of the things I most want in this world—for example, I should like to know why all the Vanderbilt numbers I call—or used to when I had a phone—have been changed to Volunteer, and all the Whitehall numbers, of which I was quite fond, to Digby, which upsets me. Big corporations don't confuse their subscribers this way for nothing. There must be some reason. Of course, if I allow myself to think, I am haunted by the fear that I am responsible for it all, that I have worried the company so that it has got to changing numbers aimlessly, and probably goes around muttering.

WILL the fact that it has finally severed relations with me help us any, I wonder? Sometimes I think we will both just continue to drift along, I growing thinner and thinner, the company changing more and more numbers, until our friends, whom both of us have embarrassed considerably, will try to get us together again. Perhaps it would work, now that we know each other's faults and whimsies so much better—perhaps now we could make a go of it. Certainly what we both want is peace of mind and a chance to work. I am afraid, however, that all would go well only until I opened another bill backwards. Then I would quit paying again and the company would begin to send out its form notices. In a month we would be back at it, nagging and cajoling, blustering and forgetting, refusing to answer bells, whining about not being able to get in and take out the apparatus. And yet it is neither one's fault. It is just life.

—James Thurber

•

FOR AN OLD DANCE

What can be said
When we depart?
What can begin
When we are over?
For love, no mouth,
For grief, no tears.
O, learn me now,
Hearing me beat
Like sound in the ears,
Blood in the heart.
Quick, come away;
Be my lover.

Nothing can wait:
Not spring, the wind,
Not light, the flower.
All loves abate.
And quieter lying
Than grass struck down
On a winter hill,
I shall lie,
You will be still—
Than the fallen branch,
The leaf in the cold,
Locked in the snow
By dark closed over—

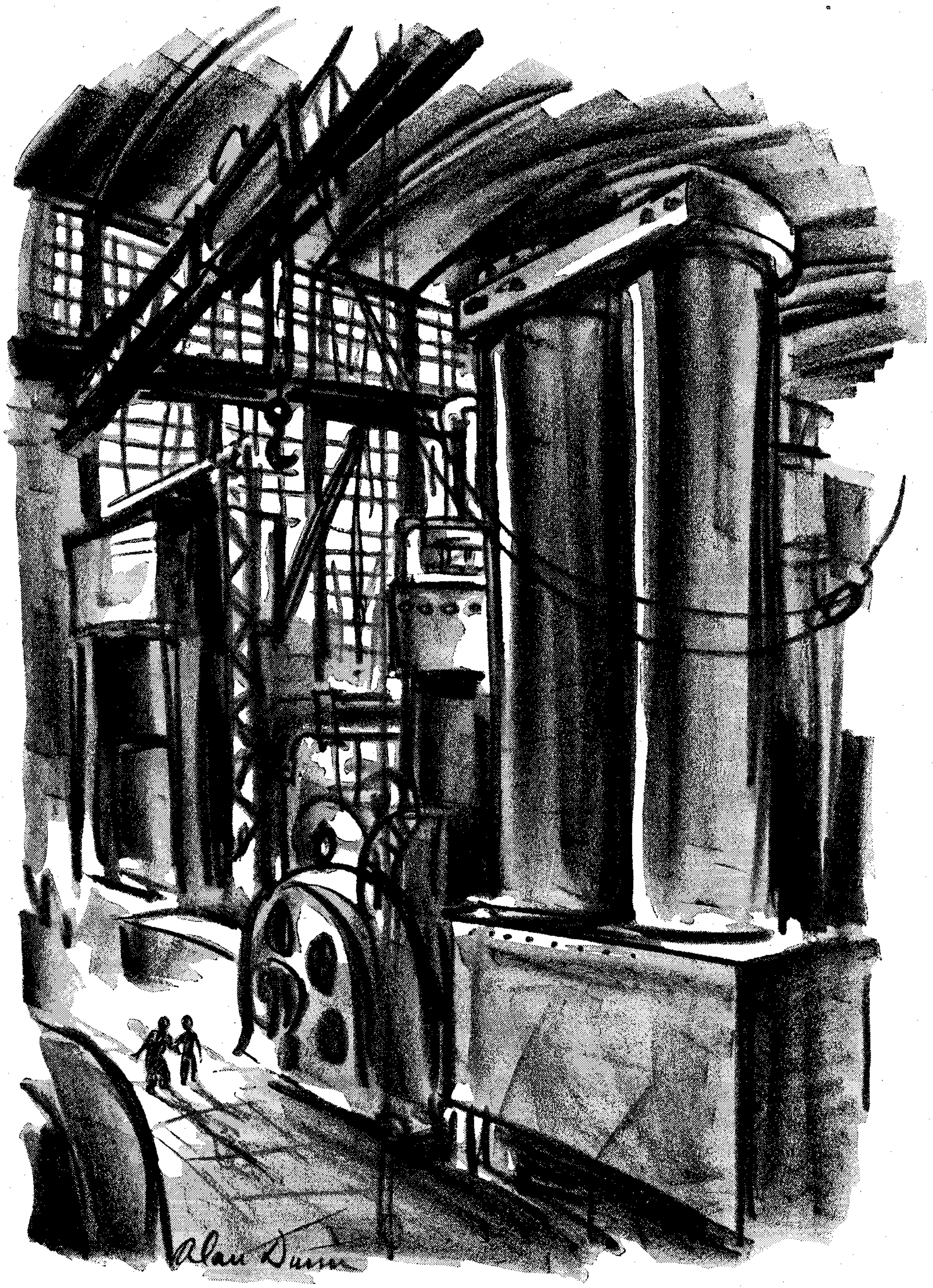
Come, be my lover;
We shall grow old.
Come away now.

—Louise Bogan

THIRTY-SEVEN

"YES," said the actress into the telephone. "I'm free. . . . Yes, I can be there at four o'clock. . . . I understand. Naturally they would want to see me before engaging me. And of course I must read the play before accepting the part. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. At four then."

She hung up. So they wanted to see her first. A new firm. The older managers knew her, knew what she could do and what she looked like. What she could look like, because of course she looked better on the stage. Younger. And it was for a young part that they wanted her. Twenty-eight, the agent had said. Well, she could look twenty-eight. Even off the stage. Oh, not now. But dressed, with a becoming hat, or in the evening. And twenty-eight wasn't so awfully young. It was really almost thirty, and she wasn't much older herself. Thirty-seven. But only barely thirty-seven. Practically thirty-six. And she looked—thirty? Thirty-two? Thirty-seven. But she could look twenty-eight on the stage. If only



"Joe, where can I get hold of a doily?"

these people knew that. For she wanted the job.

She had to have it. It had been how many months since the last? Well, never mind that now. They wanted her at last. But she didn't like them wanting to see her first, as though she were a beginner. After all, everyone knew she was a good actress. Everyone? Well, these were new people, and they had to protect themselves. Just as she did. "And of course I must read the play." She had had to say that; it was part of the game. In the old days they just sent her the play, and if she liked it she took it, and that was all. Well, it was different now—better be thankful for anything. Still, she wished it was a firm that knew her. These people had never seen her act, perhaps they had never even heard of her. Nonsense, they wouldn't be sending for her if they hadn't. But were they? Or was it just that the agent had urged her name on them. "Just *see* her, anyway." No, no, she mustn't think about it that way. They wanted her, of course they did.

SHE wished she knew more about the play. It helped. She would know what to wear, how to talk. The agent said it was a comedy, high comedy. It would be a nice part, then. A young wife perhaps, or a young widow. Gay, sophisticated. Nice clothes. She would go to that new place, she would insist on that, have it in her contract. They might refuse, but they would agree to anything if they wanted you. Clothes, salary, anything. Salary. How much should she ask? It had been so long since she had done anything important. And this was an important part. But if you asked too little they thought less of you. But if you asked too much? And she couldn't lose this chance. She couldn't. Well, wait and see how they feel. If they wanted her cheap she could seem to come down. "You see, I like the part so much, and that means a lot, doesn't it?" She could do it gracefully.

It was nice to look forward to the appointment. They would be pleasantly friendly, they always were when they sent for you. They probably wouldn't talk business today anyway—just give her the play to read. "It's a great part—you'll like it; but better read it first." "Thank you. I'll read it tonight, and let you know tomorrow." "Fine. But could you read it this afternoon, and let us know tonight? We want to get this settled right away."

But she ought to be getting ready. What ought she to wear? She hadn't much choice. The gray? She hated gray; it made her feel dead. The black? Black was always right, and it was a good dress. Three years old, but good. She knew what she ought to wear. Beige. A soft pinky beige, with a lot of fox. Fox was flattering, young. The black would have to do. What about that white frill? Not smart, but—no, it looked a makeshift. The pearl beads looked nice, and her hat, thank God, was new. Was it really so becoming? They had exclaimed over it in the shop. "That is *your* hat, madame." But they always did that. Makeup? It made you look older. Or did it? She never could be sure. The mouth, of course, and maybe a little on the eyes. Careful. It made you look tired too. And a little, a very little, rouge. There. Twenty-eight, even in the daylight. A charming young wife of twenty-eight.

FOUR o'clock. The actress sat in the office. From a window behind the desk a north light struck at her sharply. The producer was not there; the young man in his place was the author of the play. If only she knew something about it. This light bothered her, it was so gray. She mustn't think about it, though; she must look bright—interested.

The author was speaking.

"It was for the part of the girl you were to see me?"

"I—the agent said the lead."

"Yes, that's it. The girl."

"The agent didn't say, but it's the part of a young wife, is it not?"

"No. No, she isn't married, she's just a girl."

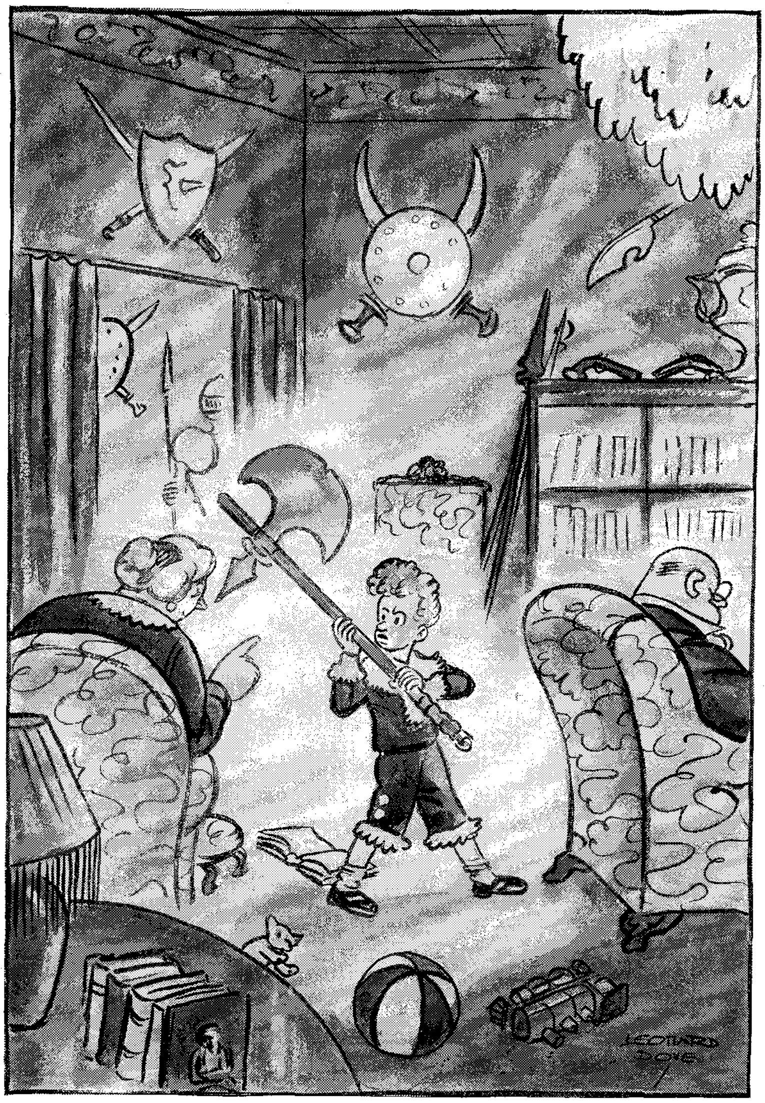
"About twenty-eight, I understood."

"Twenty-two."

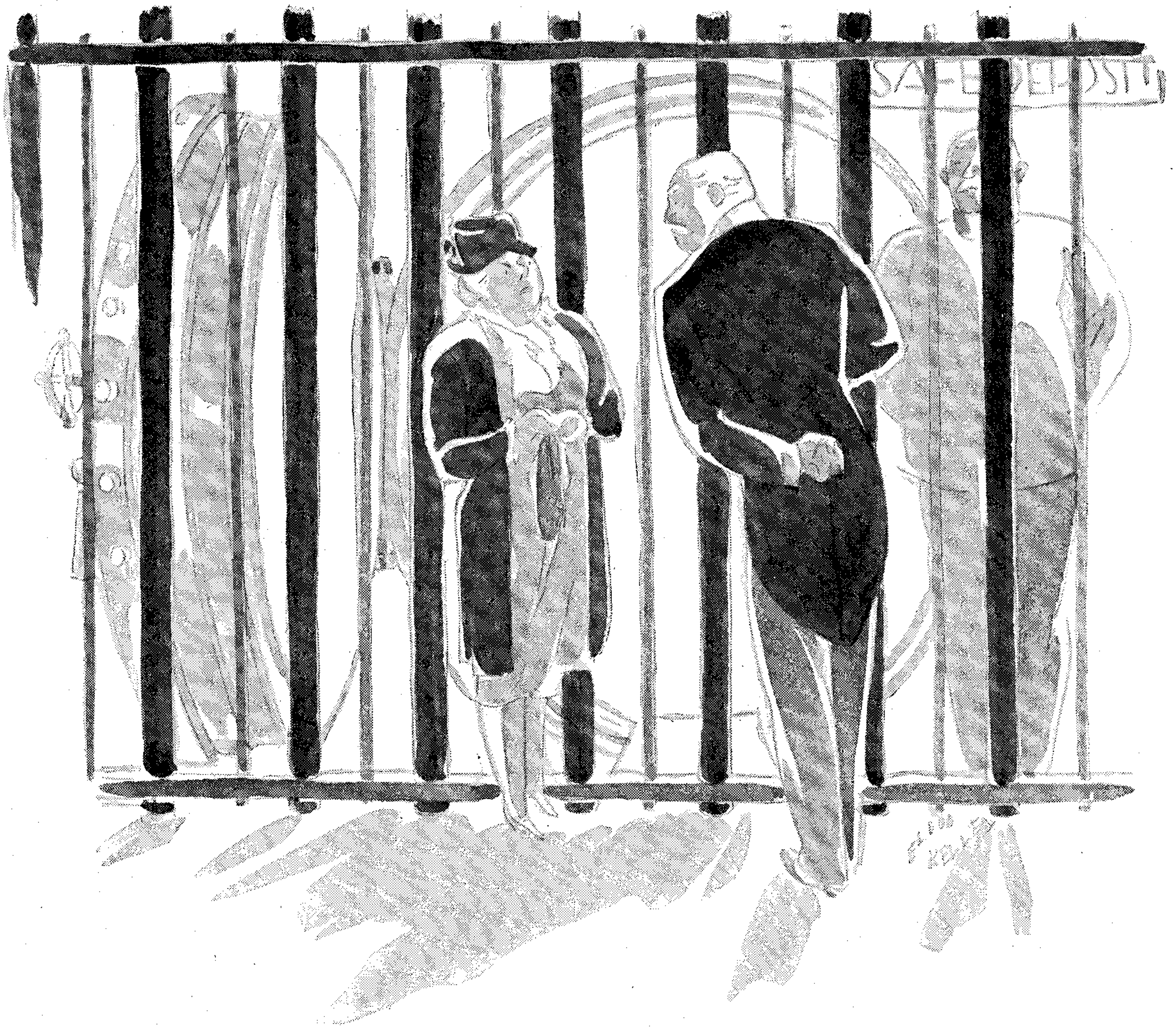
Twenty-two. It was a mistake then. The agent had made a mistake. But had he? It was high comedy; they would need an experienced actress for that. That was it, of course. And she could look twenty-two. Why not? With the proper lighting. And her hair. She could cut her hair again. She smiled.

"Twenty-two?"

"Yes," said the author. "And she is a young twenty-two. I mean that she is immature, untouched. Just—well—just *young*."



"No. Mamma knows best."



"Now, Mr. Cartright, are you quite sure that the little trinkets will be safe?"

Young. All the little lines were standing out under her eyes. She could see them before her, quite clearly.

"She sounds charming," she said.

He didn't answer that. Well—try again. She must try again.

"The agent said it was a high-comedy part."

"Yes."

"High comedy is difficult; it takes a lot of experience, doesn't it?"

The author stirred uneasily.

"I suppose it does," he said.

"Yes," she said. "I haven't read the part, but I imagine it needs someone who can look young, but who has the necessary technique."

"As a matter of fact, I—*we* feel for the sake of the play we will have to make some sacrifice in that line to the physical requirements. You see she must be—she *must* be—"

He made a vague gesture.

"I see," she said.

There was a pause.

"I'd like so much to read the play," she said.

He hesitated. "I'd be glad to have you, but I haven't a script in the office just now." Then he brightened and got up. "I'll tell you what. I'll send you a copy, as soon as one comes from the typist. We have your address."

"Thank you," she said.

"Yes, we'll do that. We'll do that."

"Then—good afternoon," said the actress.

"Goodbye," he said, and opened the door.

SO that was it. A girl of twenty-two. "And a young twenty-two." Oh, why hadn't she got up then and left? But she couldn't have. How could she? There might have been a chance for her, and she had had to be sure. Twenty-two. It had been cruel to send her.

Still, the part would need experience and he hadn't really said she wouldn't do, had he? He might have been very much interested; you couldn't always tell. Maybe he would send her the play after all. Maybe he would telephone to her. "I'm sending the play over. Could you give us an answer in the morning?"

Twenty-two wasn't so young. She looked thirty-two now. That was only ten years. She could look ten years younger. With the right clothes and the right makeup. Of course she could. Twenty-two. Thirty-two—three, four, five, six, seven. Thirty-seven. Thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty. Forty. Twenty-two from forty. "O God, O dear God! Don't let me cry. Don't let me cry in the street."

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

MORNING

On the Brooklyn docks
When dawn was windy at your lips,
When the tall ships
Dipped black against the light,
And the soft shocks
Of water on lean boat-flanks
Were drenched the color of night
And the color of flame,
Did anyone call your name?
Did anyone say:
"The sun's in your eyes, boy, and here is a day
Soon to be remote as last night's moon—
But your hands are wide, and the wind's in your hair . . ."
Did you hear, down the docks, in the harsh, salt air,
Your own lost laughter
And the footsteps of the perilous, amber day
Hurrying after?

—FRANCES M. FROST

FOR SERENA, WHO OWNS A PAIR OF SNOWSHOES

Across my heart, in little strides,
In little high-heeled slippers,
You walk, in whom no need resides
For overshoes or zippers.

The paths across my heart, you know,
Are warm as any garden,
And footwear, since I love you so,
Need never be a burden.

And even should my heart grow cold,
With drifts too deep for *low* shoes,
I think I'd need you, as of old—
And you could wear your snowshoes.

—E. B. W.

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THERE is too much loose talk by the Wets about the universal reign of lawlessness. The Wickersham report proves that the prohibition act is implicitly obeyed by everybody who has no taste for strong drink.

•

It now appears that the neediest of all cases is the City of Chicago. It has nothing in the cupboard except Big Bill, the Builder.

•

Sport-lovers say that we must strengthen the migratory-game act. We hope, however, that nothing will be done to prohibit that played by Notre Dame.

•

The statesmen at London have decided to keep the conference out of the hands of the admirals, we are relieved to learn. The admirals were just brought along for the boat ride.

•

The broadcasting companies are giving us daily reports direct from London with speeches by the leading limiters and reducers. This is the biggest thing that has happened to radio since the discovery of Victor Herbert.

•

The bill compelling pedestrians to wear tail-lights has made its annual appearance at Albany. The clean-books bill will come next and before we know it somebody in Tarrytown will see a robin.

•

The President reports a gratifying improvement in the business situation. Still it is perhaps a little too early for the administration to resume tooting on the horn of plenty.

•

Mr. Dole says that Al Smith is right about the pronunciation of "radio." This thing is now getting to be a menace and we must have a constitutional amendment with shooting.

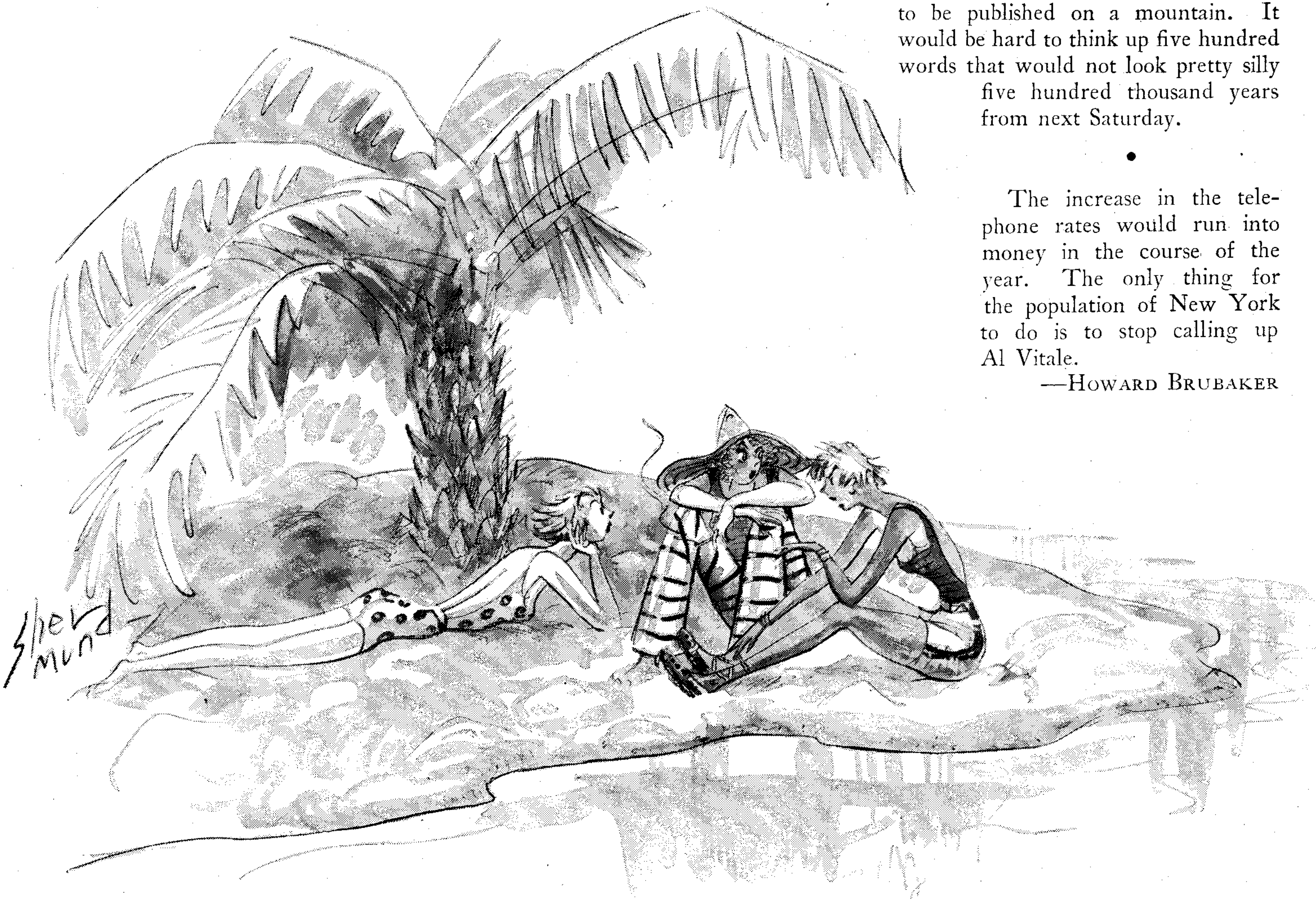
•

This department does not envy Calvin Coolidge his task of writing a piece to be published on a mountain. It would be hard to think up five hundred words that would not look pretty silly five hundred thousand years from next Saturday.

•

The increase in the telephone rates would run into money in the course of the year. The only thing for the population of New York to do is to stop calling up Al Vitale.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"She told him if he went to Pittsburgh, she'd never speak to him again—and he went to Pittsburgh."

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

FIFTY YEARS AGO

I WAS born in East Seventh Street, in one of a fashionable row of wide three-story houses, in brownstone and brick. The street, like the city, was small, quiet, and genteel. Indeed, the New York that I knew, as the child of moderately circumstanced parents nearly sixty years ago, was a cross between the purlieus of Boston and some genial Rhineland town when Germany was prosperous. It was, if my years do not deceive me, a city whose winters were colder, whose springs were greener, and whose autumns were jollier than those seasons are today. The summers I associate not with town, but with an old Dutch farm in Peekskill, to which we took the train from a very modest version of Grand Central Station.

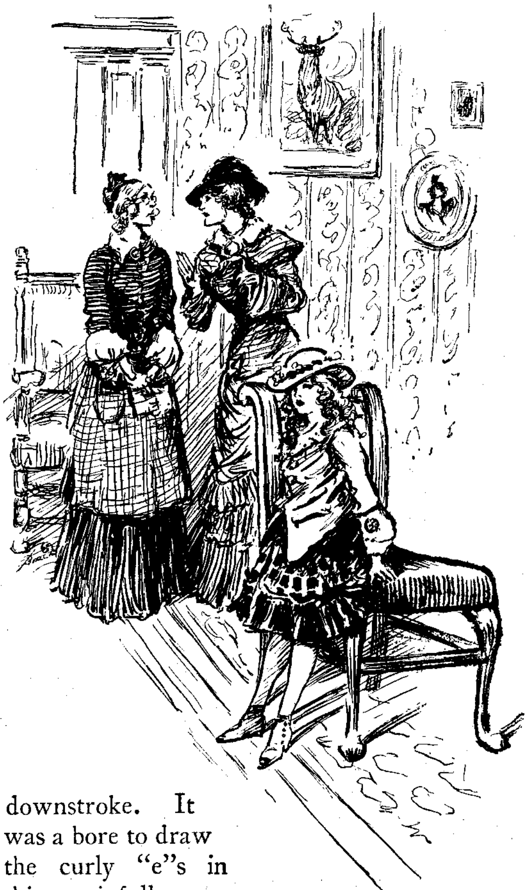
It is just possible that the winters were colder for want of furnace heat. When I was still very small the family moved all the way uptown, to Sixty-sixth Street. The spacious, if rather thickly furnished rooms of the new house were warmed by small round stoves, with isinglass cheeks and sheet-iron pipes like toppers on their heads. It was a sign of spring when these were removed to the cellar, and by the same token a hint of frosty days when they were brought up again, while full coal-scuttles were hauled up from below stairs by one of those dingy ragged men who hired themselves out for such jobs and who seem to have vanished with the stoves, as though they had no longer a *raison d'être*. It was quite a little later, if I am not mistaken, that Baltimore heaters became the vogue, and I recall a living-room, the mantelpiece of which frowned above a tiny grate with a lever which was pushed back and forth according to whether one wanted to be warmer or cooler. I sometimes wonder whether the voluminous petticoats, the trailing skirts, the high-buttoned shoes, and the muff-like sleeves of those days were not a very appropriate style for mid-nineteenth-century heating systems.

It was not only the houses that were inclined to be chilly. A Muscovite cold pervaded the horse-cars of a brisk January day. In the winter season the floor of the car would be lined with straw, which, gray and clogged with the melted snow shed by the boots of other passengers, would cling horribly to one's own shoes. Sometimes a horse-car carried a little stove, and if you sat next to it you burned. Otherwise you froze. There was little to choose between the two states. In spite of the many ragged men, who multiplied as if by magic around election time, and who might well have been invited to clear the snow away, it stayed on the streets incredibly long. Hills of snow twelve feet high would be stacked in the gutter, allowing snow forts and arsenals that the youth of today cannot even imagine.

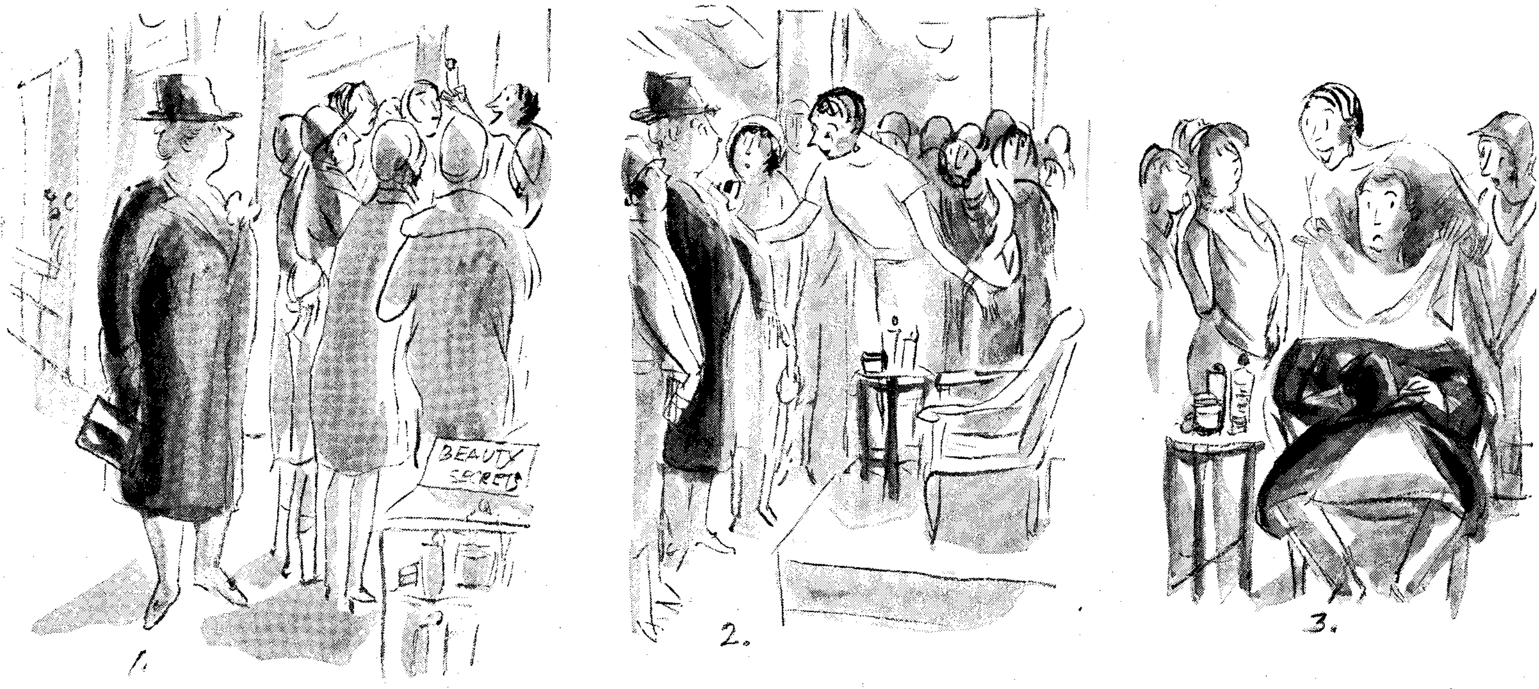
THAT springs were greener was doubtless due to the fact that brick and concrete had not yet begun to oust the grass and trees. We had, of course, a back yard, with the usual shrubs, and a patch of lawn before the house. But beyond that, and before one reached Central Park, were stretches of meadowland, where nothing grew but wild flowers, a few mushroom-like shanties, and their attendant chickens and goats. I have reason to remember these, for one morning an adventurous goat strayed up the street and into our green areaway. He was quite at home there when a little girl of the pinafore age tripped in. Unwilling to dispute possession with any intrusive little girl, the goat abruptly butted her out. I was that little girl.

The goat had his own way on that occasion. But there were other times when I had mine. In those years my hair was bright and blonde and my eyes were bright and blue. When the time came for me to go to the little private school that my elder sister attended, I was reasonably well aware that a little girl with yellow hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks might do many things with impunity. Schools, even private ones, did not favor libertarian methods in the sixties. It was, therefore, to the distress of the teacher, the despair of my mother, and the utter disgust of my sister, that I refused to do anything required of me until I was allowed to play upon a large square piano that I had glimpsed on my way in. They allowed me to play the piano, but that did not cure my rebel temper.

I must have been some years older, and attending the public school in Seventieth Street, to which we walked across the fields, when we were given a writing lesson and requested to practice "e"s in the best Spencerian style. This meant a fine hairlike line on the upstroke and a thick black line on the downstroke. It was a bore to draw the curly "e"s in this painfully correct fashion, and so, to relieve the monotony, I turned the top curl into a round head, and made a double loop, like Dutch pantaloons, of the bottom curl, thus producing rows of simple but delightful dolls. My ingenuity went unrewarded.



NOTHING seems more remarkable to me in retrospect than the opportunities that the little girl who was I found for adventure. The open lots nearby were equally good for ball games, marbles, potato roasts, and tag, the numerous puddles providing pitfalls for the unwary. To the deep displeasure of my sedate sister, I participated in these boyish sports as often as I dared. On Thanksgiving Day I regularly appropriated my brother's clothes, and went forth armed cap-a-pie to command pennies and apples from the neighbors. How I escaped the vigilant parental eye on these excursions I forget. But I know that there were duties a-plenty to keep me at home. In addition to our school work, there were music lessons on the square piano in the front parlor—my mother was rigorous about practicing and by sitting with us daily made sure that it was done. Then there were French and German lessons, more desultory than the piano lessons, and there was also, on Saturday afternoons, dancing-school, in the



THE DEMONSTRATION

room above the Bank. This was under the aegis of a certain M. Fernandez, a dandified gentleman who taught the fine points of the waltz, the polka, the lancers, the schottish, and the quadrille to all proper little boys and girls. Except for one little boy, who at his first lesson was given a chair as partner, and who decided that rather than learn his steps that way he would not learn them at all.

Parties were quieter affairs in the early seventies than they are in these present thirties. There were snappers which went off with a pop, but no more elaborate favors. Surprise parties, to which every guest contributed some special homemade salad or sweet, were a common form of entertainment. The girls' costumes were brightened by pink or blue or cherry-colored sashes, with hair-ribbons to match; the boys', if I am not mistaken, by buttons and braid. But if the arrangements were simpler, the results were perhaps more exciting. We played Going to Jerusalem, London Bridge, with forfeits, Puss-in-the-Corner, Drop the Handkerchief, and Post Office—indeed, every possible variety of kissing-game, without a complex or an inhibition to bless us. I can still hear the thin treble chorus:

Bow to the wittiest,
Kneel to the prettiest,
And kiss the one you love the best,

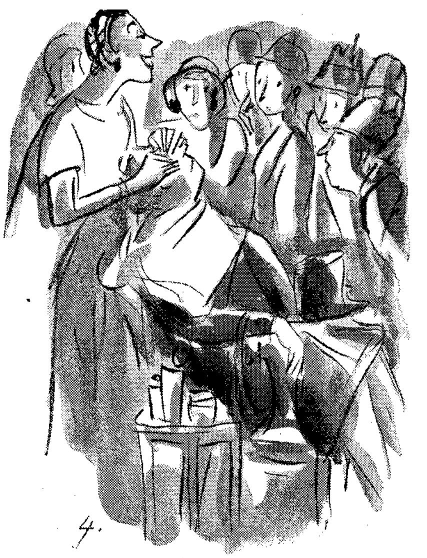
instructions that caused much indecision, some elation, and no little heart-burning, and that were always concluded by a round of applause.

AMONG our lesser pleasures we counted the rare shopping trips to A. T. Stewart's in East Tenth Street or to Arnold Constable's, or to the Bowery, where were numerous fine shops, and, what intrigued us more, a kind of arcade containing stereopticon views of battle-scenes from the Franco-Prussian War. Sometimes we went as far as Grand Street, to Lord & Taylor's, with the hope of finding time for a chocolate éclair at Bertrand's famous bakery nearby. Or, for a great treat, we went to Fourteenth Street, a magnificent wide avenue, crowded with landaus and barouches and fashionable shoppers, winding up at Bigot's for French cream and little cakes.

I don't know which tasted more delicious—the sweets at Bigot's or the bread-and-butter sandwiches that we ate after a swim at Brown's. It was the custom to buy season tickets for a bathhouse, one of many flimsy wooden structures on a float surrounding a tank, operated by the long-forgotten Mr. Brown at the foot of Sixty-fifth Street and the East River. We used also to have season tickets for soda water—two extra glasses of the sweet fizzy stuff were gained by buying a dollar's worth at once. On warm nights we would fare forth to Kunz & Vanderschmissen's drug emporium, the windows of which held illuminated jars of colored water that looked like syrups for Gargantua. The imitation marble fountain had perhaps four or five taps, but we must pause gravely to decide upon the flavor of the evening. Occasionally of a Sunday in May we were taken to hear the concert at Terrace Garden—where Thomas had once conducted—a pleasant open place where the beer flowed as freely and as innocently as the melodies.

I MUST have been about ten years old when my father decided that we children were old enough for our first opera. He chose Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." The trip downtown at night through the gas-lit streets was thrilling enough, but the arrival, the finding our seats in the front row of the balcony, right above the boxes, with an enormous chandelier thick with flaring gas-jets illumining the bright assemblage, the satisfaction of knowing that we were to hear that famous prima donna, Clara Louise Kellogg, in the title rôle—it was unforgettable. The great event took place at the Academy of Music, and I remember that when ground was broken for the Metropolitan there was much shaking of heads and a general feeling that the new opera house could never rival the splendors of the old Academy.

After our introduction to the musical world came several concerts—I recall hearing the Polish coloratura artist, Ilma de Murska, on a double program with Ole Bull—and we were also taken to see Edwin Booth in a play I have forgotten, and to weep our fill over "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was my mother's habit to attend Saturday matinées, at Wallack's in Thirteenth Street, or the Union Square Theatre, or the elegant Thalia Theatre in the Bowery, and though we resented being left behind, we were recompensed when she came home and told us in



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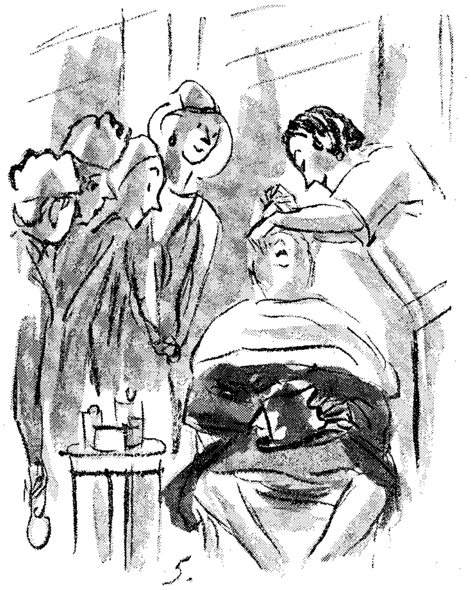

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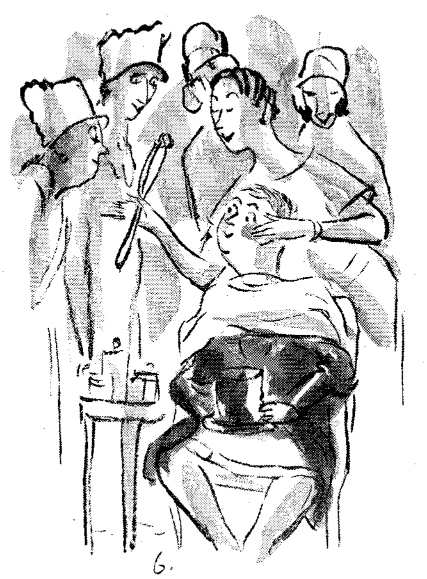

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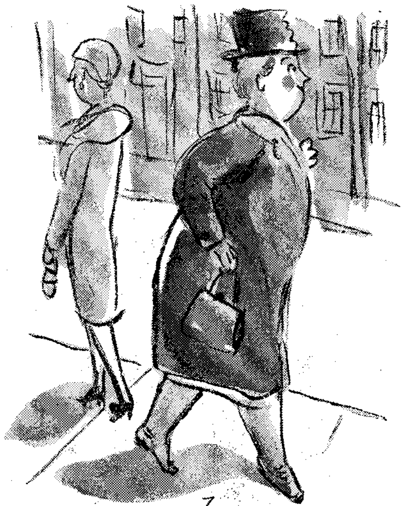
detail the story of the play—some piece by Dion Boucicault, or it might be "The Two Orphans," or "East Lynne."

A more fortunate acquaintance sometimes exhibited free tickets to Booth's Theatre which had been given her by the condensed-milk man. How he came by them, none of us knew. He would drive his one-horse wagon down the street every morning, and the sound of the hoofs on the cobbles was the signal to go out with a jug which he filled with condensed milk for the morning coffee directly from the tap! I believe that in those days the only way to get beer was by sending the maid to one of the countless corner saloons to have it drawn from the keg. I have no memory of this custom, but I do recall the wine cellar at home, with shelf upon shelf where bottles of port, sherry, Tokay, red wines and white, lay cheek by jowl. We knew children whose association with red wine was the drink prepared by soaking nails in it, so that they might flourish on iron and wine. We were more fortunate. If we were toned up by a daily dose of cod-liver oil (followed by a peppermint drop of the kind now advertised as "old-fashioned"), we were also permitted on occasion a small glass of red wine, diluted with water, and heavily sugared.

The wine cellar was not a room by itself but a partition of that wide cool basement region that served, among other things, as pantry and storeroom. Canned goods were unheard of. If one wanted vegetables out of season, the best way to get them was to "put them up." Every autumn the farmers would come with sacks of potatoes, bushel baskets of beans, asparagus, peas, great barrels of apples, and there would be a stir and bustle of unloading and a bustle and stir of preserving and pickling, until the shelves gleamed with Mason jars filled with varicolored greens, not to mention fruits and berries, jams and jellies, in glowing reds and topazes. I have not forgotten the whiff of earthy tubers and the full-flavored cidery taste of an apple out of the fresh barrel just before Thanksgiving.



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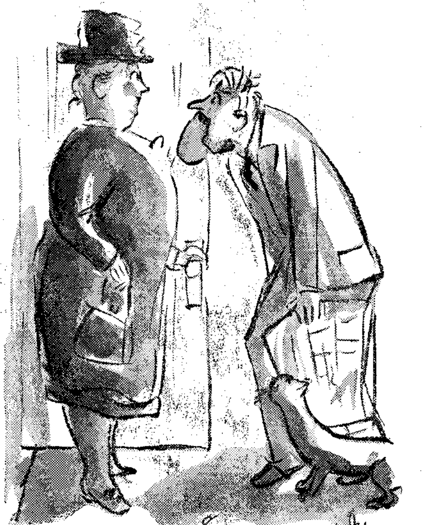

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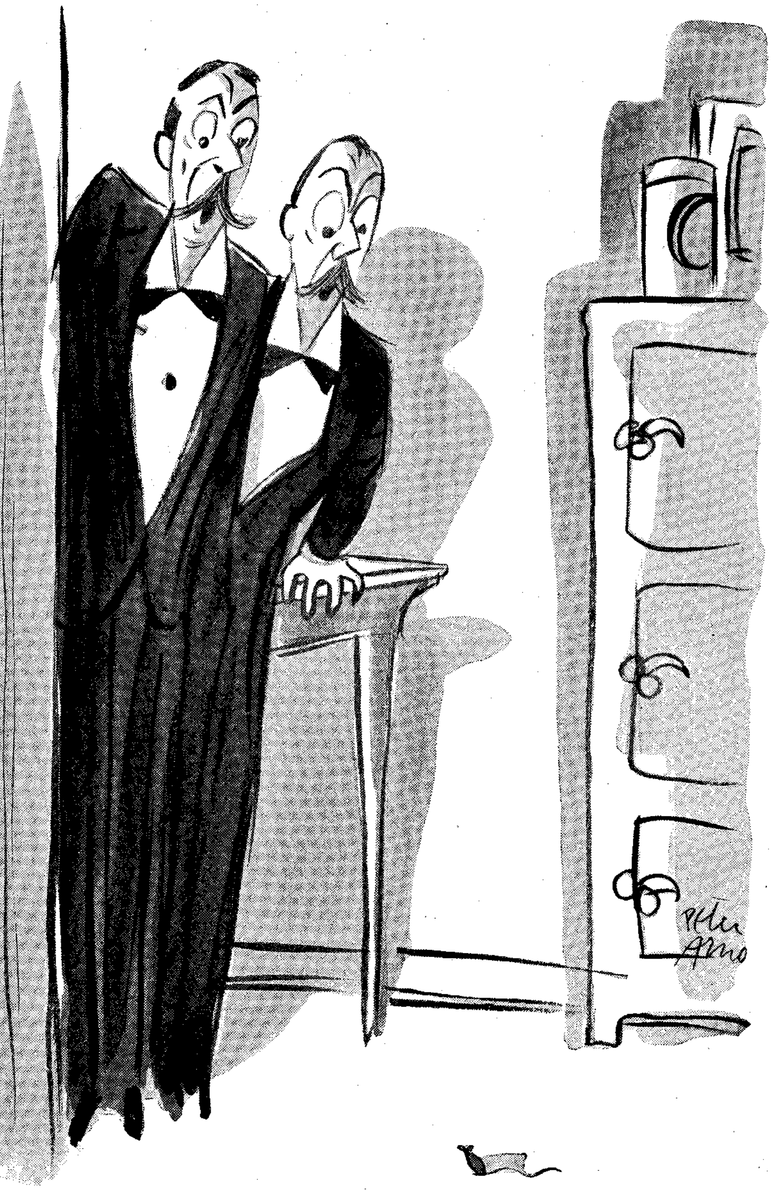
THE cellar was not our province and we went there only to accord the harvest fruits a proper reception. We must often have been permitted in the front parlor, however, for my memory of it is quite distinct. It was a large room with gilt cornices over the windows and two elaborate mirrors in ornate gilt frames on the walls. Long lace curtains of Brussels net hung from the cornices and trailed on the floor, with the grandeur of ladies' trains. The walls were further enlivened by steel engravings—one a Venetian scene, another representing Boccaccio telling stories to a group of elegantly disposed ladies and gentlemen. There was also a picture of Kossuth, of whom I remember nothing but his side-whiskers. My mother's wedding wreath of waxen orange blossoms framed, under glass, in rosewood with a gilt border, was the chief decoration. The furniture, with the exception of the square piano, was also rosewood, upholstered in black horsehair, which was rough on a little girl's legs and treacherously slippery. The rosewood frames of two of those Victorian footstools, upholstered in something quite unlike black horsehair, survive in my own living-room. Who knows but that the steel engravings and the wedding wreath will soon be coming into vogue again? There were a couple of triangular whatnots in the corners. I remember a stuffed squirrel on one of them, which we children played with until we broke his tail, and also a blue plush box that came all the way from Paris and that contained gold-stoppered perfume bottles to which the scent still clung.

Tall dark bookcases with glass doors lined the walls. My mother used to complain that whether she asked my father for a spool of thread or a silk dress, he would invariably be waylaid and come home with a book instead. I think it was less of a complaint than a boast, for even we children were proud of the library, which contained, along with the classics, some curious "firsts," and a whole shelf full of early-seventeenth-century books with remarkable illustrations, which I still treasure. It was a particular treat if we were allowed to draw up chairs to the marble-topped walnut centre table, to look at these, or at the engravings in the thick leather-bound tomes entitled, respectively, "The Dresden," "The Munich," and "The Berlin Gallery." When, a woman grown, I visited the galleries themselves, I felt as though I were travelling backward along the familiar paths of my early youth.

It was, as these pages indicate, not an eventful childhood. I have no memory of the blowing up of Hell Gate to let the boats through to Harlem, though I know the shock made my contemporaries tremble. I do not recall anything of the miseries of Reconstruction days, nor of the gangs and the undisciplined hooligans who made the New York of that time rival the Chicago of this. In fact, what I remember chiefly are the small domestic happenings in a sheltered, homely, irrecoverable world. But, partly, no doubt, because it is dimmed by the mists of years, partly because it was truly a happy period, I look back with some wistfulness and with no little pleasure to that New York childhood of more than half a century ago.

—Melanie F. Deutsch,
per Babette Deutsch



"Cornered, by Gad!"

•

HANDY GLOSSARY FOR BANQUET USE

"In the brief time at my disposal . . ." (Two hours, ten minutes.)

"A return to the ideals which have made our country great; ideals which have brought peace and prosperity to our people and have made the desert blossom as the rose . . ." (Plea to hike the tariff, cut out the booze, or something.)

"This foul and reprehensible act, transcending all bounds of decency and affronting honest men . . ." (Lousy deal.)

"One of America's most sacred institutions . . ." (The home. Obsolete.)

"Fair-haired, laughing-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones . . ." (Children.)

"Hewers of wood and drawers of water; the bone and sinew of this great republic . . ." (Working men, farmers.)

"The responsible citizens of this community . . ." (Boards of directors.)

"Our constituted authorities . . ." (Traffic cops?)

"My attention has been called to articles appearing in the public press . . ." (Means he read it in the papers.)

"And so, gentlemen, I want to leave this thought with you tonight . . ." (Sum-up of what he said before.)

"From the fragrant pine woods of Maine to the golden strands of California, and from the pellucid waters of Puget Sound to the Gulf of Mexico . . ." (United States.)

"Star-lit canopy of blue . . ." (The sky.)

"A blot upon the fair name of this great republic . . ." (The opposition.)

"A new dawn is breaking . . ." (His side.)—George Cecil Cowing

•

The new plane is one of the open cockpit type, fitted with dual controls to accommodate Mrs. Lindbergh, who also is a licensed pilot, and has an estimated cruising speed of 140 miles an hour.—*The Sun.*

And straight, regular teeth.

THE THEATRE

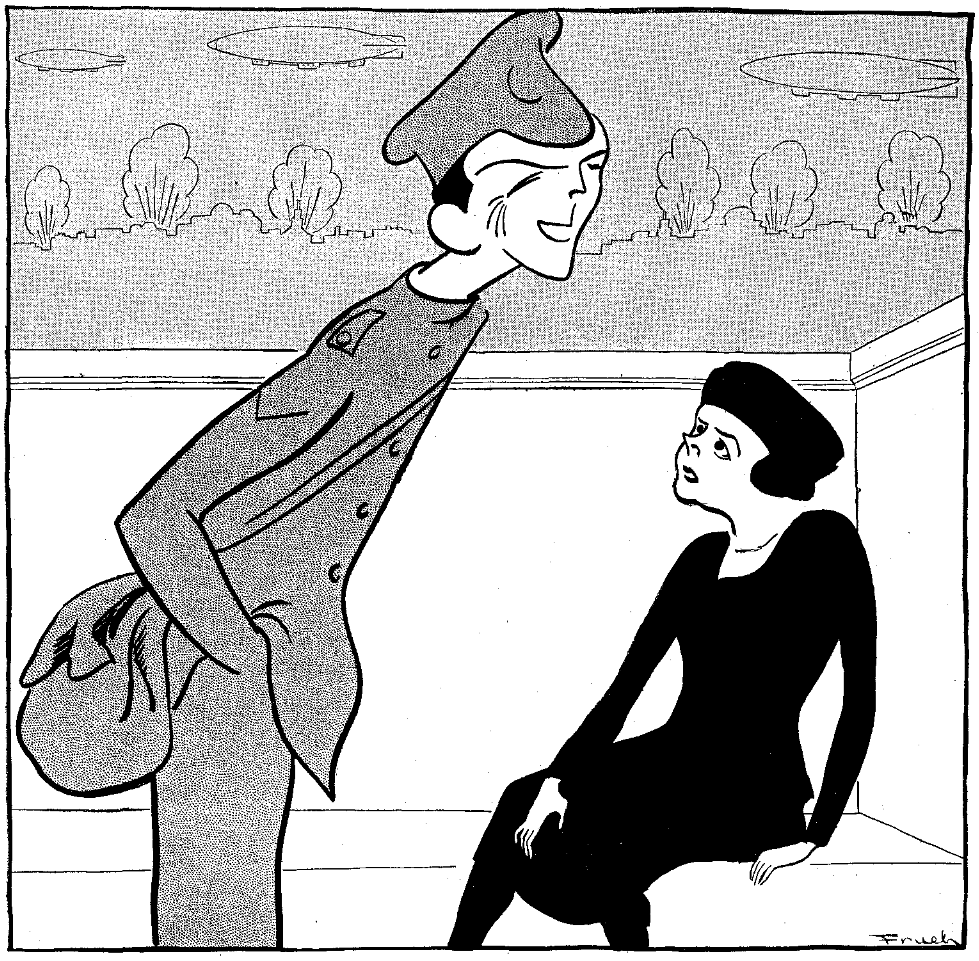
A SHORT WEEK

IF many more people roll their eyes in praise of Dr. Feuchtwanger's book, "Power," I shall have to read it. I must also get around to "Esther Waters" and "Pendennis" some time. But until I am privy to the secret of the spell of the Feuchtwanger book, I am unable to say how little of it Ashley Dukes has caught in his dramatization, known successfully in London as "Jew Süss" but tactfully changed for the New York trade to "Josef Suss."

Looked at simply on its merits as a play, it would seem to be just good, old-fashioned melodrama of royalty and rapine, with no particular distinction other than that of being better than most of its kind. It has been staged with considerable care and has the negative virtue of not being funny when it tries to be serious, which it might very easily have been.

The dominating feature of "Josef Suss" is naturally the character of Josef-Suss Oppenheimer, the Jewish financial genius in the court of Württemberg in 1737. As played by Maurice Moscovitch he is a mildly sinister figure whose heart of gold (at six per cent) is more or less visible on his satin sleeve. In his more quiet moments, especially in the first act, Mr. Moscovitch is highly effective, with that clear, biting enunciation which marks the Yiddish actor who has only recently learned English. (Mr. Moscovitch played here twelve years ago in the Yiddish Theatre and has since then learned English at its undefiled source in London.) He would have been even more effective in his portrayal of the grim, silent statesman-financier had he not looked quite so much like Harry Richman.

But all our excellent Yiddish actors seem to have a failing in common. Not content with being supreme in the projection of quiet and subterranean emotion, when by standing still and uttering one word they can produce the effect of violent anger or heart-breaking grief, there always comes a time in their routine when they feel they must break out with scarlet fever and beat their breasts with their wrists. Mr. Warfield, when he had his audiences soaking in tears simply by picking up his violin and gulping, had to go into a furious "If you don't vant her, *I* vant her!" Mr. Ben-Ami, at times almost devastating in his silences, always sooner or later throws himself away in one tornado of guttural shouting and hair-pulling. Mr. Moscovitch, after playing with great skill his scene of quiet grief beside the body of his daughter, rushes inevitably into a Chautauqua fit and, for this subthyroid in the audience at least, spoils it all. It is probably a racial characteristic, the possession of which makes great actors and goes hand in hand with the other gift of silent emotional power which is so much more effective. On the opening night, Mr. Moscovitch's tantrum would have been easier to thrill to if he had not had considerable trouble a few minutes before in keeping his cap from falling off.



"WATERLOO BRIDGE"

Glenn Hunter exerting boyish charm on June Walker, who, in return, brings Love into his life. The flora in the background are German bombs bursting on London.

THERE was only one other opening during the week of "Josef Suss" and it was called "The Challenge of Youth." It still leaves the week with one legitimate opening, "Josef Suss."

WHEN things are dull on Broadway, one may always go down to East Houston Street, where the Minsky Brothers are putting up a noble fight to keep the traditions of burlesque alive at the National Winter Garden. Most of the burlesque shows uptown have been washed up to a point where they resemble nothing more than a third-rate Broadway musical show. The Minsky Little Theatre group have cleaned up the costumes and scenery, and even go in for "effects," but the show gives no evidence of having been touched with hyssop and, for those who like their dirt in the good, old-fashioned loam instead of prepared and cured by Dr. Freud, an evening with the Minskys will supply it.

The most noticeable change in burlesque from the old Fourteenth Street or Old Howard days is in the structure of the ladies of the chorus. Gone are the leviathans of an earlier day, when women were women and gold teeth flashed like beacons above Scyllas and Charybdises which could sink a ship if given half a chance. The burlesque girls of today are agile wisps for the most part, although here and there one detects a form which, if given its quota of starches for a year or two, might approximate those which used to ply back and forth in irregular array behind Clark and McCullough, Tom Howard, and Jim Barton. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

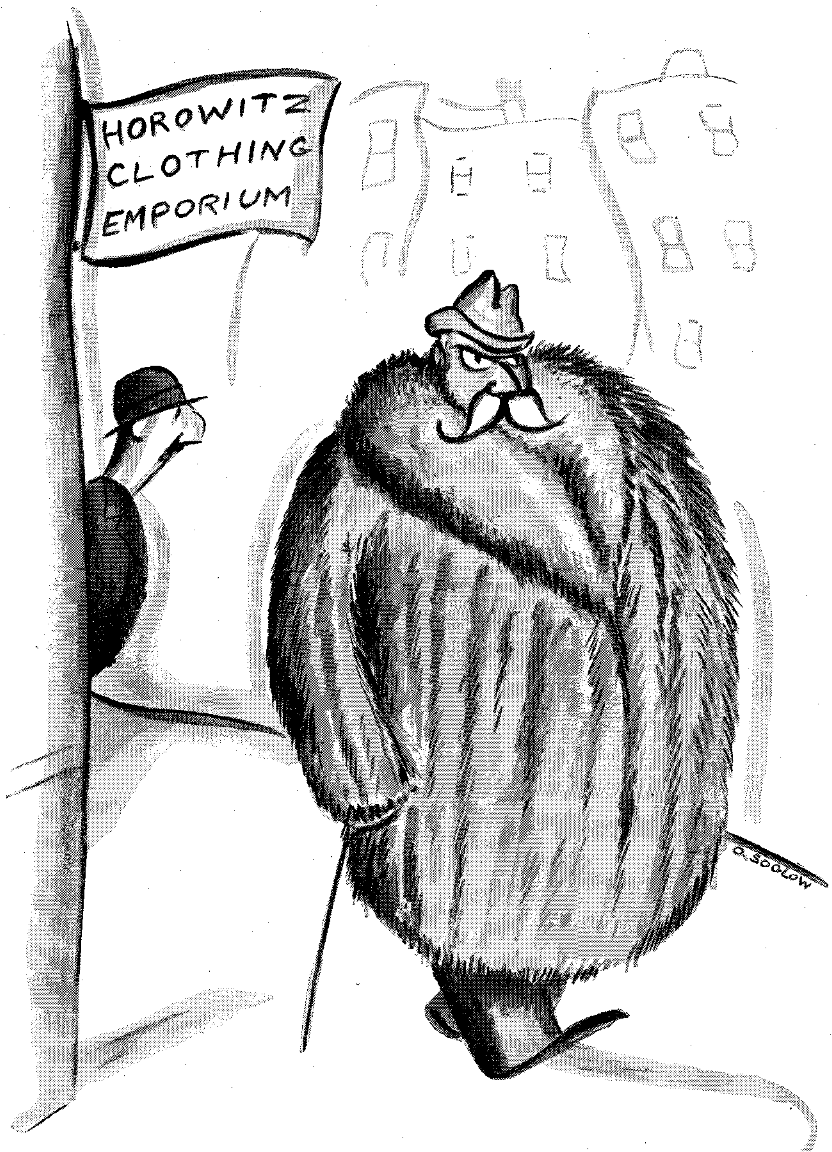
There is still the same informality in chorus dance routines, however, and it is this which provides most of the delight in the modern burlesque show. Like the girls in a French chorus, each one is given more or less *carte blanche* to carry on in her own individual way so long as they all get on and off the stage at the same time. There is some slight show of uniformity in the general raising and lowering of arms, doubtless the influence of such uptown aesthetes as Bobby Connolly and Russell Markert, but for the most part each girl does what seems best to her at each particular moment. There is also a genial indifference to the singing of lyrics, which allows plenty of time for looking around the audience in a friendly but impersonal fashion. After having seen the girls in the Broadway shows working their hearts out to maintain the terrific pace of the modern chorus step, the lethargic young ladies of burlesque seem almost like a group of darkies taking an afternoon off in the sun on the levee. It is quite refreshing.

I would say that the individual dances had lost nothing of their old appeal to the senses; in fact, there are several gestures which, if I ever saw executed before, I have forgotten—which is not likely. The art of the *danse de ventre* seems to be picking up, if anything. Or maybe I am just noticing those things more now.

The show at the National Winter Garden is not entirely given over to pleasure, however. The patrons are given something to think about. As I entered, there was a number in progress, accompanied it is true by more or less worldly reactions on the part of the singer, but nevertheless entitled: "Never Let Illusion Carry You Away," a thought which we might all do well to take to heart. There is, however, no danger of being carried away by the illusion of the number as performed. It is essentially a number for realists.

I would, however, recommend that, if you plan taking anyone to the National Winter Garden who has any old-fashioned ideas about Life and its allied arts, you also take along some London illustrated papers for occasional reading during the performance.

—Robert Benchley



"Pants to match your coat, mister?"

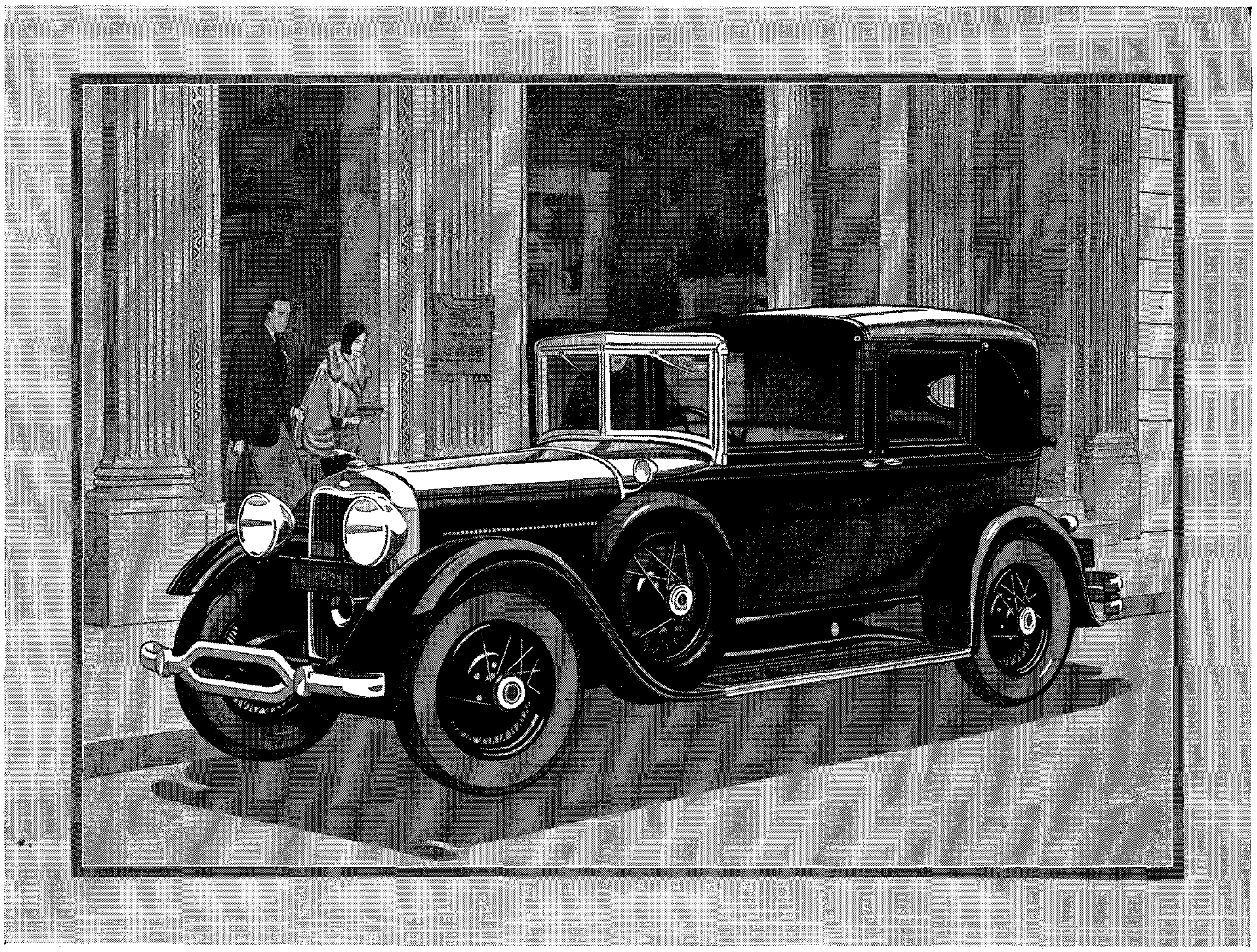
SEA OF THE SOUTH

I want to see those sapphire feathers
Blown along the sand....
The curl of ripples stained with wind,
The color not yet foam:
I want to feel the living sea
Stir against my hand,
And through the tunnels of a shell
Follow music home!

For music is a vanishing thing,
Always gone away!
Only a shell can quite recall
The orchestra of storm,
Or how along the corridors
There drifted yesterday
A voice that cried, a voice that sang,
Secret and wild and warm!

—Grace Hazard Conkling

THERE is no suggestion of beginning or end in the faultless performance of the Lincoln. From your first day at the wheel, your Lincoln is a car of proved excellence that requires no "breaking in." A year, two, three, four years later—you drive it with the same assurance of its consistent power and smoothness. ◆ Its motor, chassis and body are as nearly perfect as any that have ever gone into an automobile. The quality of the engineering skill and the materials used, the unhurried precision of its making, account for its enduring stamina and beauty. ◆ It is a simple statement of fact to say that there are 100,000 miles or more of good service in the Lincoln. It is a car that you can use constantly and without worry, through many years, for every motoring purpose . . . a car that will claim your enthusiasm at once . . . and hold your loyalty through the last mile that you drive it.



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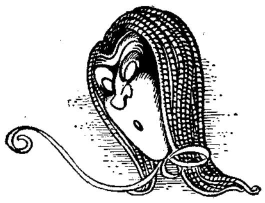
THE LINCOLN

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



MADELEINE SMITH

THERE could be only one Lizzie Borden, and British connoisseurs of murder still deplore the third George's tactless dealings with his colonies chiefly because the Maid of Fall River was thereby lost to the Union Jack. Lacking a Lizzie Borden, the British are therefore the more devoted to the sinister memory of Madeleine Smith. Madeleine Smith was the *chic*, crinolined, and comely daughter of a distinguished Scotch architect, who, after three years at a finishing school of the Fifties, came tripping back to her parents' home in Glasgow and, at the age of seventeen, settled down there to the mid-Victorian career of waiting for an acceptable suitor. She soon became involved, however, with a hopelessly unacceptable one, and before she was twenty a fascinated world was watching the spectacle of her unruffled answer to the charge that she had disposed of him by putting arsenic in his midnight cocoa.

The victim was a needy young man from the Isle of Jersey, named Pierre Emile L'Angelier, although I suspect that in addressing him his fellow packing-clerks in the seed-house betrayed an ineradicable conviction that his patronymic rhymed with bandolier. L'Angelier had an ardent manner, a notable set of side-whiskers, no social standing whatever, and an income of ten shillings a week. Altogether, he was not such a young man as would have been received in the Smith drawing-room. But Madeleine met him secretly, wrote him daily, and, with the connivance of a scullery maid, learned at last the knack of smuggling him into her bedroom at night. Her letters, which were found intact in the dying L'Angelier's lodgings and submitted in evidence for her damnation, told the whole story, from the first prim, timid, school-girl note to the torrents of hot desire she poured forth in the climax of the affair, such letters as, even when droned out in the court clerk's singsong, made the High Court of Justiciary of Edinburgh shudder in horror and disavowal. But if you follow them closely, you note that after a year her ardor cooled, and that, for a time, when she wrote at all it was only in a forlorn effort to recapture the earlier letters. Like many another rounder before her day and since, Miss Smith was minded to settle down, and there, among her father's neighbors, was an elderly and wealthy suitor, offering all the advantages of a sedate alliance. But in the offing was the still smouldering Emile, her darling little Emile, her erstwhile precious pet, threatening now that at the first public hint of her betrothal to anyone else he would go to her father and show, by the damning letters, that under Scotch law she was his wife and belonged to him.

Emile meant business. But so, seemingly, did Madeleine. In comic haste the tone of her letters changed again. Once more they breathed her undying devotion. Once more they beckoned him to the old tryst. Once more she prepared enticing midnight suppers for him with her own fair hands. After several of these visits he was indisposed. After one of them he died in agony. The autopsy revealed his person as containing enough arsenic to have disposed of twenty lovers, and, according to the records, Miss Smith had made several purchases of arsenic that winter. It seems she had been reading some magazine articles which had recommended arsenic as a cosmetic.

During the trial, which focussed the saucer-wide eyes of the world upon Edinburgh, the fair lady was unflinching. She vowed that her detention cell lacked no convenience, except possibly a piano, and when an obliging jury brought in a verdict of "Not Proven" she curtseyed prettily to the jurors and to her counsel, and asked the latter to come up to tea some day. He expressed himself as delighted at the prospect.

"But," he added thoughtfully, "no cocoa."

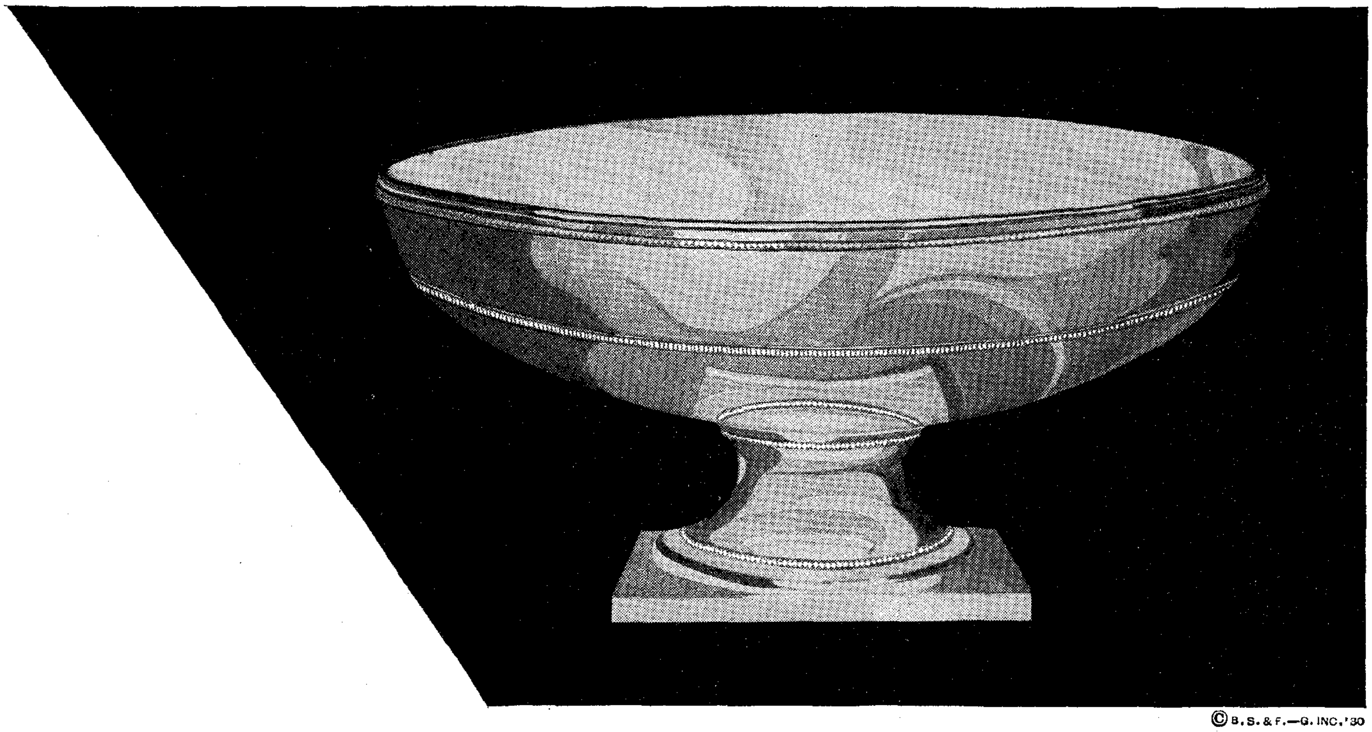
THE record in the case, as compiled for the "Notable British Trials" series, concludes with a final missive from this celebrated letter-writer. It was dashed off shortly after her release, and in it she reported (with a faint note of chagrined surprise) that she was finding her folks and neighbors slightly less cordial than she had expected. After that she vanished from view. Of the many wildly contradictory reports of her after-life, Edmund Pearson in his essay on her selects, blindfold, an account which reports her as having married twice and died in Melbourne in 1893. I was the more surprised two years ago, therefore, to read an A.P. dispatch published in Glasgow wherein it was reported that she had just died at some unspecified place in New York, and that to the last she had steadfastly repelled all cinema offers. This picture of the eighty-nine-year-old Madeleine Smith spurning the efforts of the Messrs. Zukor, Goldwyn, et al, to exploit her forgotten melodrama seemed to me lacking in plausibility.

I have always liked better the story of George du Maurier attending just such a Bohemian *soirée* in the Bloomsbury of the Sixties as the lonely Little Billee used to haunt. The talk turned on the imbecility of any jury when faced with the task of condemning a pretty woman, and du Maurier held forth at length on the flagrant weakmindedness of the Edinburgh citizens who had turned loose so decorative a monster as Madeleine Smith. Aglow with the assurance of having spoken rather well, he was homeward bound through the leafy, lamplit quiet of Great Russell Street when his companion asked if by any chance he knew who their hostess had been before her marriage. It seems not.

"I thought as much," the companion murmured. "You see, she used to be Madeleine Smith."

ALL of which is not so untimely as you might think. The unhappy Ethel Le Neve may have been somewhat arbitrarily dragged into these pastoral letters a fortnight since, but the old Glasgow murder is part of the news. In the script of this play called "Dishonored Lady," which will bring Miss Cornell back to the Empire Theatre next week, the authors acknowledge their scenario's debt to the misadventures of Madeleine Smith. After all these years that singularly resolute Victorian miss has been dramatized to make a Frohman holiday.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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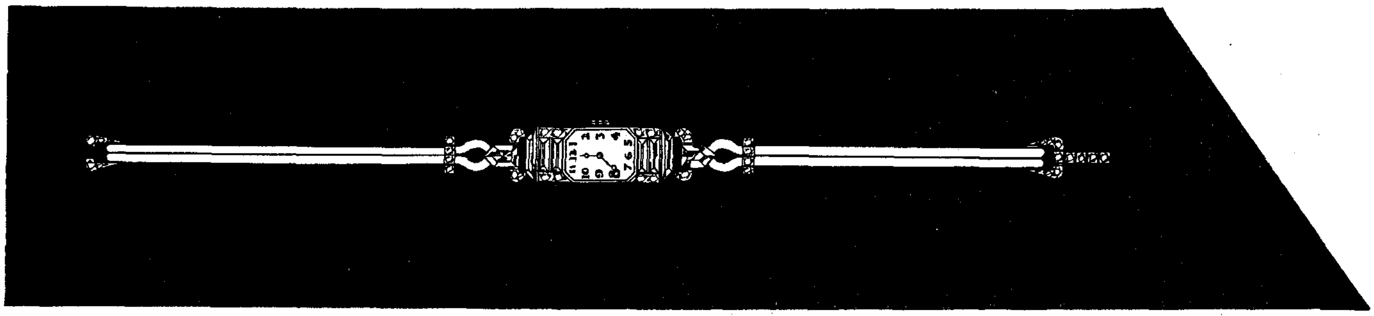

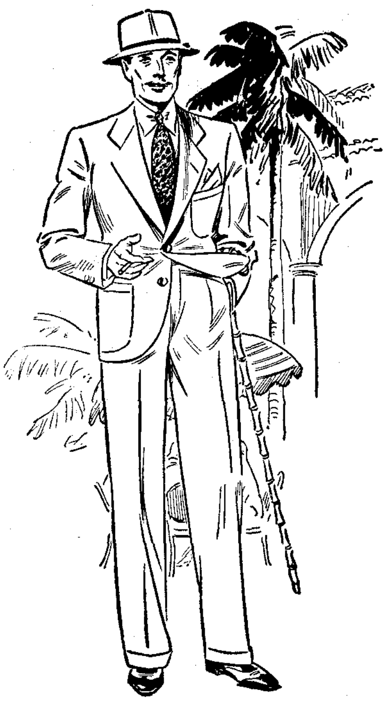

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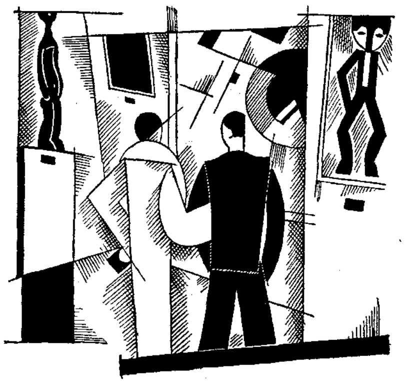
THE ART GALLERIES

Painted in Paris—Education and the Mink Coat—Opportunity à la Woodstock—And Some Rodin

THE current show at the Museum of Modern Art is one of the most thrilling experiences we have ever had, and we say this with a clear realization that we are one given to frequent thrills when witnessing fine painting. Anyway, this is the latest five-star edition of breathtaking achievement; if "Painting in Paris" doesn't give you a kick, then we can only say that you are not for the newer order of men and pigment.



These living painters have supplied a brief for the new way of things even more expressive than that of the four giants—Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin, and Van Gogh—in the first exhibition. That show we have heard termed the finest ever gathered on any continent. Perhaps so, but such an estimate must be prejudiced by the historical nuances involved and a great love for all the ramifications of pioneering endeavor. Of the big four, only Cézanne and Van Gogh were understandable *per se* to the layman. Gauguin was too often the mere showman and Seurat too intent on discovering a new technique. Both took a deal of explaining; and the moment there is a necessity for words with music an opposition is set up in the mind of the beholder, a concrete barrier founded on inferiority and heightened by fear.

We do not mean that the present exhibition is stuff that goes down readily, but it is so clear a statement of its own case, so frank a flaunting of its own merits, that there need be no indecision on the part of the layman. In most of the work there is no trace of the familiar, no trace of earlier concepts to confuse the mind, as there often is in the pictures of the men painting in a transitional generation. Standing before the Braque or the Picasso still-life, the visitor can faint with joy or run out of the place. There is no room for argument or the half-wayers in art here.

AT the risk of being called captious we would like to suggest to the directors of the Museum that they go a step further in their endeavors to educate the public. The place is always littered with various manifestoes, the Museum feeling that a strong pen can bolster up a weak decision, but there is no primer for the lorgnette-wielders who titter before a Léger and remark that Matisse cannot draw. A few admonitory words about subject-matter might not be amiss. If it is explained in advance, or perhaps by a typed caption on each frame, that a picture may be good, or exciting, or even praiseworthy, and yet not depict a homely scene or a familiar experience, it may do something for the cause of modern painting. We were unfortunate in making our first visit on an invitation day, and the Museum may be interested to know that the asininity we overheard always came from the mink coats.

IT is a show you could see daily without regretting a moment spent among the Derains, Braques, Picassos, Matisses, Dufys, and Segonzacs. There are a good many of the second-rate present and one or two who scarcely belong in so limited a history of this subject. Bonnard and Vuillard have such a thin tie to Léger and Picasso that you wonder why they are included, unless for sentimental reasons or to please the committee.

THE fourth exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery, at the Art Center, was chosen by Thomas Benton, who went back to an early formula and picked the beginners who came nearest to one conception of painting. Some of the other shows have been more catholic in taste, but few stronger for color.

Thomas Attordi has a well worked-out composition in "Saw Dust Hills." Meredith Bixby is a little diffuse, but has some nice color in "Apples." Vincent J. Drennan has achieved about the best unity in the group.

We have always wondered about Woodstock and its unlimited supply of brown paint. It would seem that the camp has a stencil which it rents out to all prosperous artists. The "Landscape, Woodstock" of Sylvester Jerry is so much like the "Landscape, Woodstock" of several hundred artists we have seen that it is a bit bewildering. It may be that the entrant to the sacred grove is required to present a picture in the approved coinage before he is admitted.

THERE is another week of Rodin at the Balzac Galleries for the admirers of this sculptor. The show is a full one, there being thirty pieces and eleven drawings.

His is a powerful name, and we imagine he was an unusual teacher, but what he left as a record somehow never hits us in the spot reserved for appreciation of wrought things.

HERE AND THERE: Marin gives way to O'Keeffe in Stieglitz's American Place the first of next week. . . . At the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries are paintings by Anthony Angarola, sculpture by Leo Lentelli, and paintings by Harriet Lord. . . . Lily Cushing has a show of drawings at the Arden Gallery. . . . Stuart Davis, one of the first American moderns, has an exhibit at the Downtown Gallery. . . . Water colors by Paula Eliasoph are on view at the Clayton Gallery. . . . The fifteenth annual exhibition of the art school of the Educational Alliance is being held in its building at 197 East Broadway. —M. P.

●

OH, DOCTOR!

Mastoids, sinuses, and such
Bother children overmuch:

Sphenoids, ethmoids, frontals, and
Ears are hard to understand:

In the happy days of old
Children merely got a cold,

But a common cold is dull
And the fee is nominal.
—WILFRED J. FUNK

●

It was a big day for the ex-Governor. He started it off by driving a fire-truck from the Coral Gables department station to a call box, where he smilingly doffed his brown derby to the photographers.

"Fire fighting isn't what it used to be when they used horses," he said.—*The Times.*

Big days for ex-governors are just about what they always were, though.

Je les ai choisis moi-même, madame

"I have chosen them myself!" Often one hears the Sherry chef say this at Sherry's, Madison Avenue and 62nd Street... where, everything from caviar to camembert is selected by him.

JELLY AND HONEY

WINE JELLIES in glass . . . made of pure sugar, flavored with fine brandy, sherry and port wines... $1 the 11 oz. jar.

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BLACK FOREST HONEY...very thick and sweet honey, gathered in Germany's famous forest of firs . . . $1.50 the glass jar.

ESCOFFIER HONEY... from orange blossom, hymettus and wild thyme, $1.75 the ceramic crock.

FOR THOSE BIARRITZ-BOUND

HOT-HOUSE GRAPES... Belgian and English, in large beribboned clusters, a luscious "bon voyage" remembrance. . . $2 and $3 the bunch.

STEAMER BASKETS . . . rare fruits, Sherry confections, marmalades and your own selections . . . from $15.

SHERRY LIQUID COFFEE...as served in the Sherry restaurants... the gift of the travel-seasoned who know what a joy it is to get "a good cup of coffee" abroad . . . 25c the split; 35c the pint.

SPECIAL BREADS

CARR'S SHORTBREAD...sweet, dry, assorted tea-cakes. Packed in Carlisle, England, especially for Louis Sherry, $2.50 the tin drum.

BAADER'S FREIBURGER PRETZELS . . . daintily sized, salty and very crisp . . . a Sherry-approved import . . . $1 the tin.

CREAM RUSKS . . . Swiss zwiebacks in not-too-sweet, tea-size strips . . . 65c the large tin.

BREADSTICKS . . . as served in the Sherry restaurants . . . in crisp-pack Sherry cartons . . . $1 the large carton.

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Genevieve Tobin, bright and particular star of *Fifty Million Frenchmen,* has a sparkling, effortless sort of charm which is completely devastating! Among her earliest Broadway hits were *Little Old New York, Polly Preferred,* and later she gave distinguished performances in *The Youngest* and *Murray Hill.* In the persuasive charm of this engaging actress a skin of rare loveliness plays an important part. "Lux Toilet Soap," she says, "keeps your skin smooth and soft in all kinds of water. It's a joy!"

stars that twinkle brightest the broadway skies ★ ★ ★

their complexions dazzlingly fair with lux toilet soap

Mighty good to look at, they are—these lovely stars of the season's Broadway hits. Well worth consulting on ways and means to beauty . . .

"Keep your skin above reproach," they will advise you, "it's *very* important to any woman's charm!"

They use **Lux Toilet Soap**—so many of them that 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York keep it always in their dressing rooms.

This fragrant white soap, the stars aver (and 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars agree with them enthusiastically!), is wonderful for keeping the skin refreshed and flawlessly smooth. You will want to try it for *your* complexion—the results are sure to delight you. Use it in your bath and for your shampoo, too. It lathers generously, even in hardest water. Order several cakes—today.

GLADYS BAXTER, star of *A Wonderful Night*, says: "It keeps the skin so smooth."

VIOLET CARLSON, charming in *Sweet Adeline*, always uses Lux Toilet Soap.

ERIN O'BRIEN MOORE, who has been starring so effectively in *Street Scene*, says: "I find the faithful use of Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in perfect condition."

(*Below*) EVELYN WILSON, of *Scandals* fame, says: "It's lovely for the skin."

DOROTHY SANDS, star of *Half Gods*, says: "The finest soap I've ever used."

Lux Toilet Soap

First sweeping Hollywood · · then Broadway · · and now the European capitals 10¢

A REPORTER AT LARGE

FEATHERED WARRIORS

IN the winter twilight the rendezvous on the gusty hilltop was crowded with automobiles. The cars bore the license plates of New York and New Jersey and Connecticut, and the men who had arrived in them were gathered in little knots among the deeper shadows—stamping their feet against the cold, talking in a ceaseless murmur:

"Charlie told me one of your Dom-Japs was in tonight."

"Well, I thought I'd try him out."

"Good birds, them Japs."

"They're game enough."

"Hughey put eleven of 'em in that main with Mr. Davis and brought every one of 'em out same as they went in. Not hardly a mark on 'em."

"Do you know where we're going?"

"No. But here comes King now."

A very small, wind-bitten man, electric with the nervous pleasure of his rôle, moved swiftly from group to group. "All right, gentlemen," he said with subdued eagerness. "We're all ready to go now. Heading down country a ways. I meant to have it here on my place, but the state police been a little active here lately. I've got three hundred cocks and stags on my place, and if there was a raid they'd kill every one of my birds."

A dozen voices hastened to agree. It would be foolish to take any chances.

"Just swing your cars around," said King, "and follow me. We carried the birds down this morning. It ain't over four mile."

The long cavalcade formed and swung off across the country. The night had fallen very black and in the gleam of the headlights gaunt trees shivered through a flurry of snow. We moved past a little town with a few lamps shining behind frosted windows and presently turned from the asphalt into a road of deep-rutted earth. As we passed the intersection we glimpsed a tall man, bent into the wind, posted to make certain that we took the proper road. A mile further, and we drew up before a cluster of barns and outbuildings with a farmhouse distantly shadowed against the sky. Each driver extinguished his lights the moment he came to a stop, and a troop of boys, expressionless in their excitement, gathered from out of the darkness.

From somewhere in the dim confusion a cock crowed—vainglorious and defiant.

WE entered a low building, much longer than it was wide, and strangely transformed from whatever purpose it once had served in behalf of husbandry. Near the door a stove had been set up, and it glowed with the intense, odorous fire of hickory blocks. Over the windows burlap bags had been hung in several thicknesses, and there was a little bench where sandwiches and beer were set out. At the other end of the room the pit stood.

It was circular, constructed of solid walls about two feet high, and it was twelve feet in diameter. Above its exact centre burned two blinding electric bulbs, and all about it were arranged rude benches and boxes turned on end for the comfort of the audience. At the moment, the pit was crowded with men who tamped down a bedding of tanbark with their feet, throwing hot water from pails now and then upon the surface that they packed. Their immense shadows danced upon the rude walls, and the boys who were crouched among the rafters laughed at their jokes while the pit bed became firm and springy.

As we watched the preparations, the voice of my host went on steadily, interpreting the scene:

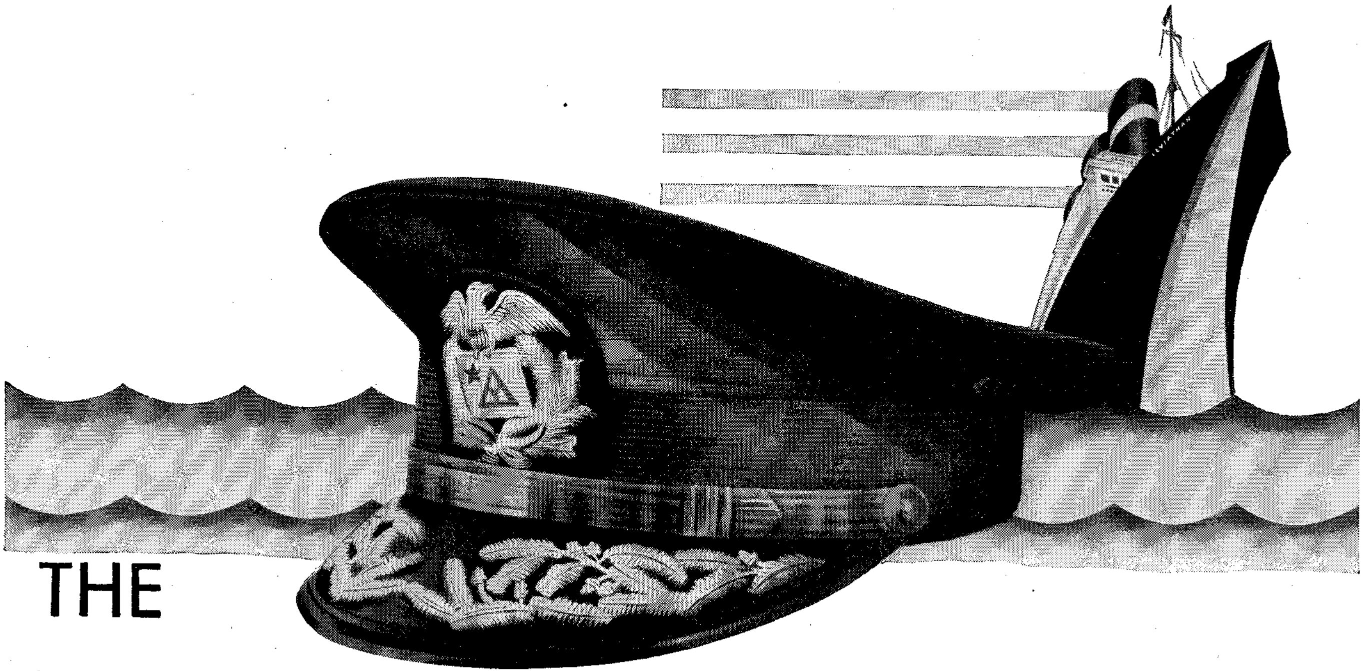
It was the oldest of organized sports, this cock-fighting, and it was intrinsically aristocratic. The incalculably rich potentates of India were its fiercest devotees, and some of the celebrated strains of their Asil breed came down in unbroken lines from the day of Zoroaster. Not rarely, a Hindu prince would back his fighters with a million dollars in precious stones or pounds sterling, and occasionally a kingdom would be lost as the heart of a favorite cock stopped beating. Cock-fighting had fallen naturally among the hatreds of the Puritan middle classes (Charles II had supported his throne by his winnings in the pit) and consequently it was outlawed all over America at about the time of the Civil War. If I would look around me I might see the result. No middle-class fellows here—only gentlemen, gentlemen's servants, and low fellows: race followers, farm idlers, and village black sheep.

The tournament tonight (his voice went on) was small in importance, the first of the new season. Six contestants would enter five birds each and pay five hundred dollars for the privilege. The winner would take sixty per cent, and the remainder would be divided between the gentlemen placing second and third—but these small stakes furnished no indication of the sport that would be offered. For fighting cocks were fighting cocks, and cared nothing whatever for the size of the stakes. None of the thirty birds had ever fought before, and in fact it was not usual for a cock to fight more than once in his life. They would range in weight from four pounds two ounces to six pounds, and the scales must show them not more than an ounce apart in order for a match to be made.

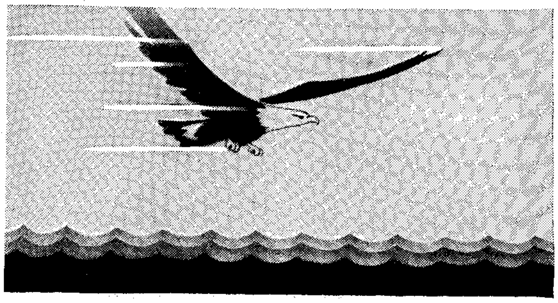
Very wealthy fellows—bankers and such—were the chief followers of the sport in America, and wagers of fifty thousand dollars on a main were not unusual. . . .

The chess player and the French pastry

A TALL, gray-faced man with a cigarette in his mouth and a very



THE COMMAND AND CREW



Personality! That human quality that enriches all contact between man and man . . . nowhere is it more vividly exemplified than in the command and crew of the United States Lines. Selected for command because of a seven-seas reputation for courage, leadership and resourcefulness. Chosen for service on deck, in salon or in cabin because of an inborn graciousness, civility and tolerance. You'll sense the difference . . . be conscious of an unobtrusive spirit of highly talented service when you travel to Europe on a United States Liner, be it the Leviathan, world's largest, or one of these magnificent cabin ships—George Washington, America, Republic, President Roosevelt and President Harding. Sail to Europe . . . under the Stars and Stripes!

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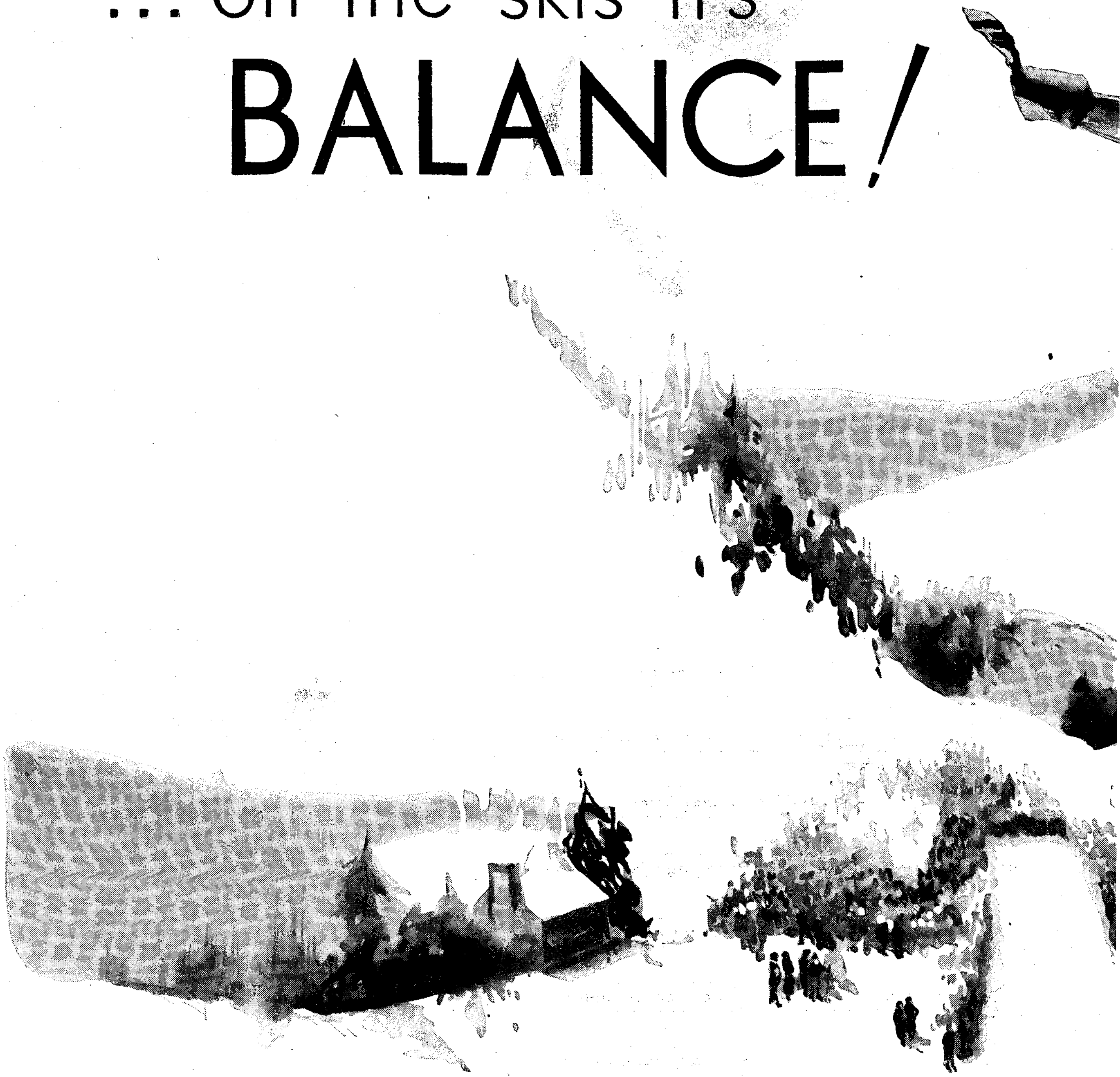
... on the skis it's
BALANCE!



Chester
SUCH POPULARIT

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... in a cigarette it's

TASTE!

It is a curious fact that the best-tasting cigarette is the one in which no single taste quality is too evident. Over-mildness, for example—or over-richness—shows lack of "balance" just as plainly as harshness or bitterness.

On this basis, test Chesterfield. Aroma, smoothness, satisfying goodness, flavor, mildness, all present—but none emphasized at the expense of others. The one goal is *taste*—better taste, *balanced* taste—

TASTE *above everything*

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CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
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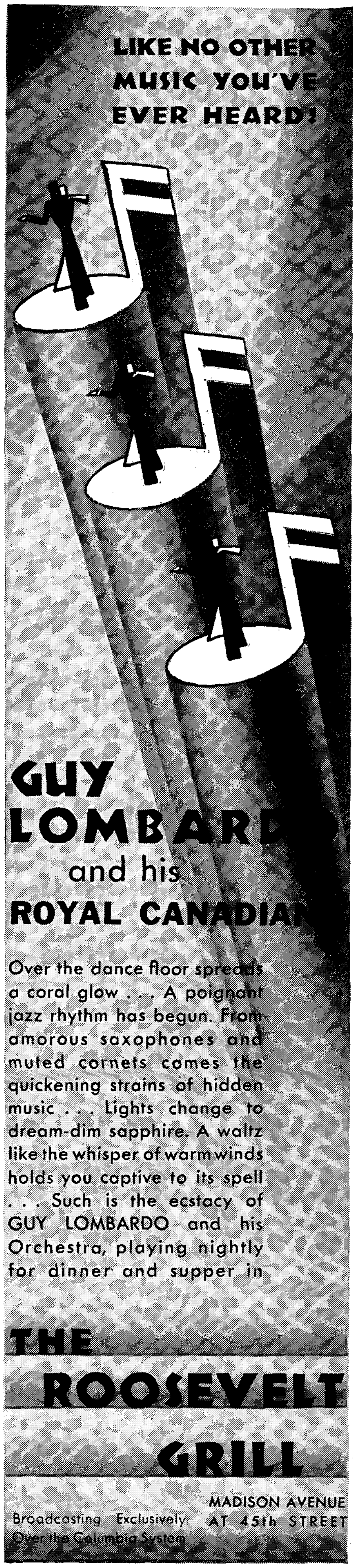
MUST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY



LIKE NO OTHER MUSIC YOU'VE EVER HEARD!

GUY LOMBARD
and his
ROYAL CANADIA

Over the dance floor spreads a coral glow . . . A poignant jazz rhythm has begun. From amorous saxophones and muted cornets comes the quickening strains of hidden music . . . Lights change to dream-dim sapphire. A waltz like the whisper of warm winds holds you captive to its spell . . . Such is the ecstacy of GUY LOMBARDO and his Orchestra, playing nightly for dinner and supper in

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MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET

Broadcasting Exclusively Over the Columbia System

wide felt hat stepped over the barrier into the pit. Nestled in his arms was a magnificently colored bird whose feet hung down and trembled with excitement. In a very quiet voice, the man began speaking:

"Fifty dollars on this rooster. Ten, twenty, or fifty dollars on this White-Hackle."

Here and there about the room spectators held up their hands, indicating with spread fingers the amount of their bets. The handler of the White-Hackle nodded to each in turn. It was unnecessary to produce any money. Two men in London coats, with gold-headed canes propped against their knees, arranged with three words a hundred-dollar bet between themselves—and a moment later one of them accepted a five-dollar bet from a grimy fellow with a wad of tobacco in his jaw. All the betting was at even money.

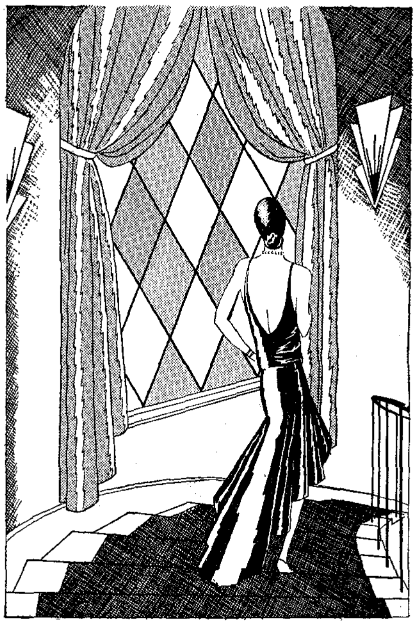
After a few moments the second cock appeared. They were cutting away his sweeping tail-feathers with shears, and fitting the thin steel gaffs to the filed stubs of his own inadequate spurs. It was a delicate and careful process. The gaffs were an inch and a quarter long and tapered to needle points. They were bound on with chamois pads and thin strips of rawhide.

The handler of the second cock announced his bets. "Fifty dollars on this Blue. Betting ten, twenty, or fifty dollars on the Blue."

All around the ringside bets were being made—two dollars here, a hundred there. The business went forward in quiet tones, while Blue and White-Hackle stared at each other from the arms of their handlers. The hum of talk about the stove died out. The referee stepped into the ring, and the men seated about its edge hunched forward.

THE handlers drew close together and for a moment, from the shelter of their masters' arms, the two cocks were allowed to peck at each other. Then, quickly, they were set down on the tanbark, facing each other and eight feet apart.

They plunged to the battle in a fury of crashing wings and heels that struck so swiftly they were not visible. Breast to breast they met in the centre and the impact flung them four feet into the air, locked together in a tempest of flashing gold and white and bronze and blue. They came down to earth still fighting and a thin silver feather floated lazily down after them. Flecks of red stained the pure white shawl of the White-Hackle, and the wing of the



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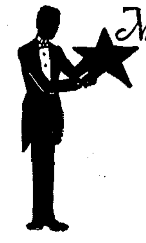
EAT and be MERRY

Containing a Luncheon for two or three.



Blue hung broken by his side. The two handlers, on their knees, peered intently at the fighters, and the referee leaned forward, his hat pulled down to shade his eyes from the glaring light above.

The birds squared back, beak to beak. Heads low, necks outstretched, and hackles spread in a wide protective shield, they were superb figures against the dull red of the tanbark, and their eyes were blazing with fiery anger. They sparred for a moment, each seeking a bill-hold on the other's comb. But after a little time they grew impatient at this faint semblance of technique, of science in the attack, and hurled themselves together.

A voice muttered, "The Blue's a slasher. He's got that cock hurt."

"The Blue's got a brain blow!"

And the Blue was lurching unsteadily about the pit while the White-Hackle minced after him. For an instant it seemed that the Blue would fall, but he recovered himself, coughed once, deeply, and wheeled suddenly to fling himself upon his enemy. The White-Hackle was beaten back against the wall and fell, badly hurt. The Blue was over him, but for an instant did not strike out, and in that instant his handler had picked him up bodily in a sudden sweep. The handler had barely touched his bird before he began to count so swiftly that the numerals from one to ten were breathed in a single syllable.

Sensing the movement, the handler of the White-Hackle also lifted his bird quickly and began to blow sharply down his throat. ("The only help they are allowed to give their birds," my host explained.) And almost at the same moment, the referee had with the edge of his foot scratched two lines, a couple of feet apart, in the centre of the pit.

As the handler of the Blue finished his rapid count of ten, both birds were brought to scratch, facing each other. But the instant their feet touched the ground, the Blue's handler repeated his count:

"Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineten," he breathed.

WHEN he had repeated this process four times, the referee moved forward. The birds were set on their feet, touching each other breast to breast.

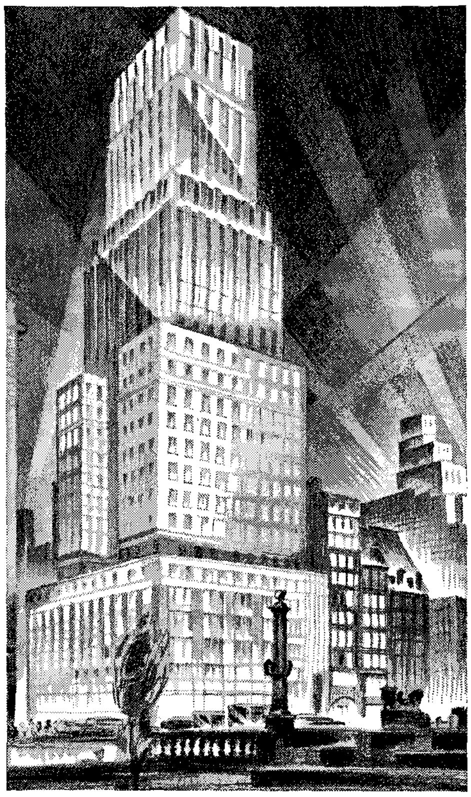
The White-Hackle slumped down.

"Put your bird on its feet," demanded the Blue's handler.

"Gentlemen," said the handler of the White-Hackle, "you all see that this bird can't stand."

Very slowly, the referee counted up

OCCUPANCY MAY 1st, 1930



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These FOUR STEPS to loveliness

SO many promises, so many claims, no wonder the average woman is at loss what beauty counsel to follow!

We hear of marvelous new creams which promise a beauty miracle overnight. We read of amazing new unguents which are going to revolutionize all beauty methods. We are led to try this bottle and that jar hoping against hope that it contains the magic potion.

The scientific truth of the whole matter is that no single preparation can perform each separate function of a sound beauty method. There are four distinct steps that require four perfectly balanced preparations for the proper care of the normal skin . . . These steps are: *a*—cleansing; *b*—nourishing; *c*—bracing; *d*—finishing.

The famous Primrose House Method

Primrose House was founded by a little group of society women who had grown dissatisfied with haphazard beauty methods.

The Primrose House Preparations and the famous Primrose Method are the result of years of scientific study and of long experience with every type of skin . . . Each preparation is made to do one thing. Each is the perfect formula for its special work . . . And each formula is different. Look at the various preparations yourself. See them, feel them. They are entirely different because they are made to do different work.

With four balanced preparations used according to the Primrose House Method, which is easy to follow, any woman with an average skin can see great improvement in her complexion in a short time.

Give this method a fair trial

The four preparations applied in the four successive steps are all the average woman needs to have a lovely complexion. For special skin conditions we have worked out corrective formulae and special treatments which we will gladly outline at your request.

The Primrose House Method is so simple that any woman can easily follow it in her own home. Get in the habit of performing daily the four simple functions that every skin needs. It does not take any longer to do it right and your complexion will reward you for the proper care.

Write for this valuable book

In "Here Dwells Youth", Primrose House outlines for you its famous treatment method and lists its preparations for every type of skin. Send for your copy now. PRIMROSE HOUSE, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.

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to ten, and on the last word he announced "Six." The handler of the Blue grasped the cock, and began his rapid counting again. Neither bird moved during the brief moments they were allowed to face each other, and soon the Blue's handler had said "Nine" after the completion of a swift tolling.

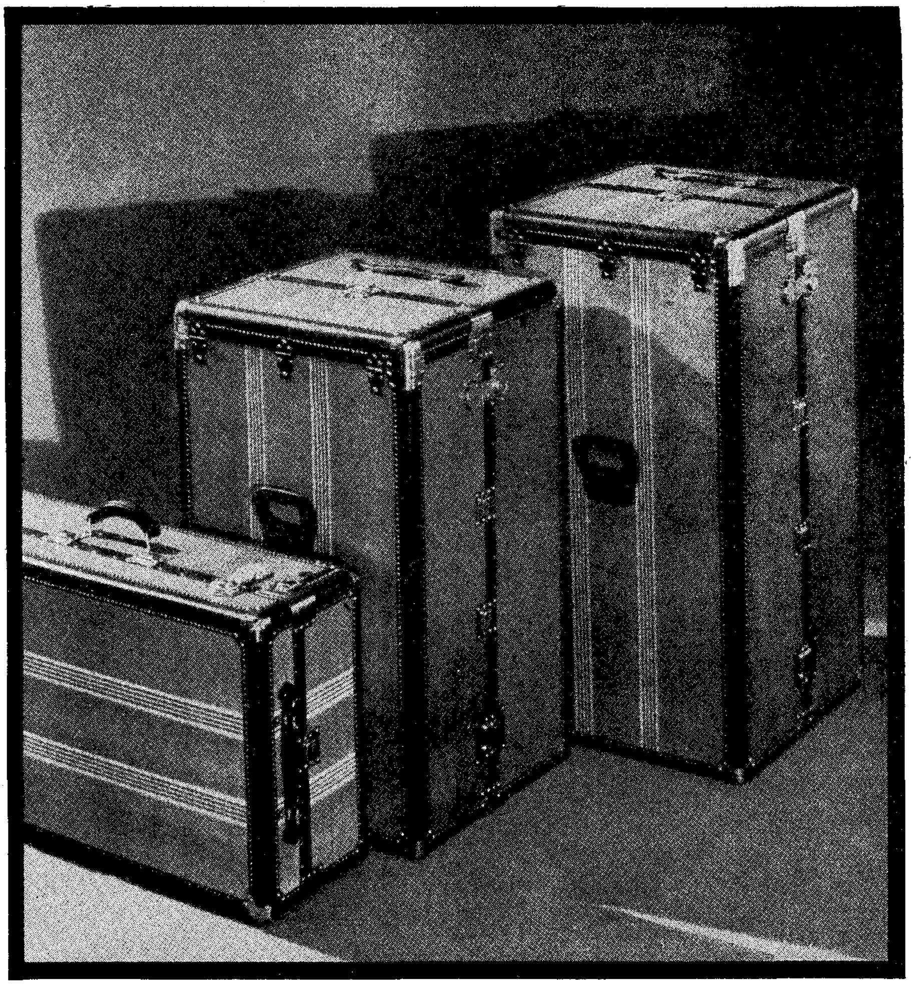
Again the referee breasted the birds, and when, at the end of his slow count from one to ten, neither of the cocks had tried to strike, the fight was awarded to the Blue. Quickly the birds were removed from the ring; money was passed back and forth in settlement of wagers; and two fresh cocks were brought in. There was no comment or argument on the fight, and everybody seemed completely satisfied. While the handlers of the fresh birds were calling monotonously for bets, my host explained the counting system:

"A second may begin counting any time he pleases, provided that his bird has been the last to strike with his heels or peck with his bill. He naturally picks a moment for this move when both birds seem weary, and it is likely the whole long count will be completed before either attempts to fight again. He counts ten five times, as fast as he can, putting the bird to scratch after each count. If neither bird makes for the other, or attempts to fight, during these five counts, then the referee takes a hand. The birds are placed breast to breast, touching each other, while the referee counts ten full seconds. It is during this count that the fight almost always revives, and I have seen fights go to twenty such stages.

"But if both birds still refrain from fighting, the second may then count ten three more times, bringing the number of counts to nine. The cocks are breasted again, and the count of ten is tolled very slowly by the referee. In case there is still no fighting—as you have just seen—the victory goes to the second who began the counting."

THERE were thirty fights. Most of them were longer, more bitter, and more fierce than the first. But in no one of them did the courage of the feathered warriors give one hint of waning. They fought with broken legs and broken wings, with blinded eyes and gasping breath—but always they fought until death or the hands of their seconds took them from the pit. There was never a more incontestable display of raw valor, of the inherent fighting heart.

But the fiercest fight of all came



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OF COURSE, it's always been handier, more economical, more satisfactory all around to do your jaunting through Europe with trunks. But now, it's even more so.

For Hartmann is offering a staunchly built, beautifully finished group of wardrobe trunks fully 25 to 40 pounds lighter than the usual standard sized trunks. That's important—when you consider hauling charges. And definitely a boon to struggling French porters!

You find them in matched groups in the customary smart-looking Tan Canvas Grain Ducord with Regimental Striping. Swagger-looking affairs—and flattering to your smartest costume. Offered in Standard, Three-Quarter, Midget and Taxi steamer sizes in the regular wardrobe models—and also in all-hanger models. Modestly priced. See them at your better shops and department stores.

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THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
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NEW YORK

when the tournament was ended, and two owners had grown argumentative over the merits of the strains they bred. It was for five thousand dollars: a Jap against a Spangle, six pounds each and to a finish.

They met in a rage, and as they fell back to the tanbark the Spangle staggered back dizzily, falling away in circles as he tried to hold his feet.

"He's nerve-blinded," somebody murmured. "Maybe he'll come out of it."

The Jap was following him closely, waiting for him to pause long enough for a thrust, and in the set of the Jap's body, in the peculiar roll of his shoulders and the thrust of his jaw there was a curious resemblance to the ruthless attack of Dempsey. Again and again he leaped and came down striking, but the Spangle seemed oblivious to the attacks, shaking his head hard and striving desperately to get his sight back. Suddenly it did come back, and with it such tempestuous fury as we had not seen once in the pit before. He tore in, thrusting fiercely to the body whenever the Jap lifted his wings for a moment, and ceaselessly throwing his heels against his enemy's head. There was no work for the seconds, for the fighting never stopped, and at the end of fifteen minutes neither showed the least fatigue. They laid their weight upon each other heavily in the brief moments when they were not half-suspended in the air with beating wings and flying gaffs.

Presently, the Jap fell. His leg had crumpled under him. It was when he tried to get up again that we saw that he was blind. Unseeing, from one foot, he fought back savagely while the Spangle stood over him and struck again and again. Slowly, however, he fell back against the tanbark. The weight of his weary head bent his neck down, until he was stretched half on his back, breathing with enormous difficulty. The Spangle, dead spent but on his feet, looked down, and looked around at the faces of the watchers, and seemed ready to lift his heel for the vital stroke.

THEN, suddenly, it was over. With a spasmodic movement, the Jap lunged out with his sound leg. The gaff went straight to the heart of the Spangle and without a sigh or a movement he fell dead. We could see the Jap gathering his ruined forces for still another tremendous effort, and as we watched, spellbound at his courage, he slowly fought himself upright on his

LIVE WITH IT · SLEEP WITH IT

for years and years . . . you'll never hear a sound

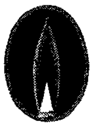
THE difference between the absolute silence of Electrolux and the quietness of other automatic refrigerators isn't of great importance —at first.

The important point is that the silence of Electrolux is permanent. It can't grow noisy, can't get on your nerves as time goes on. With no machinery, not a single moving part, Electrolux is forever free from friction, vibration and wear.

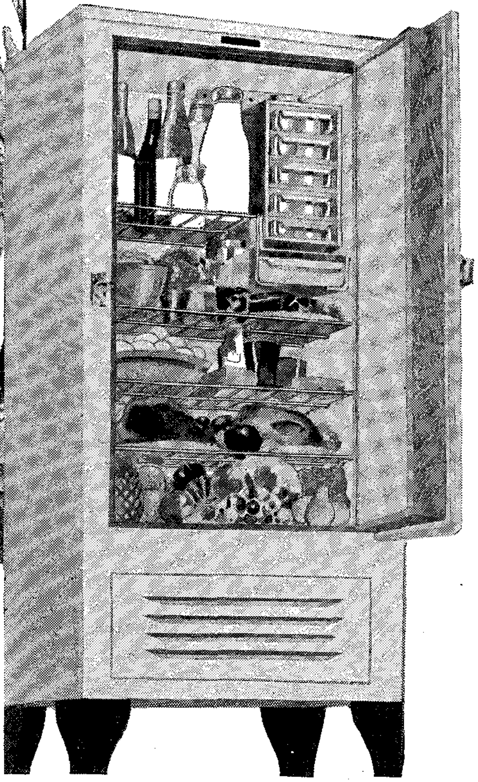
A tiny gas flame and a trickle of water do all the work of making cold, freezing the ice cubes in Electrolux. The flame changes a liquid refrigerant to vapor. The water turns it back again. This simple principle operates endlessly, continuously. There is no stopping and starting. The cold is constant. Not a thing to fuss with, to think about, to need your attention.

The operating cost of this magic box averages only 35 to 55 cents a week, with an extreme cost of 70 cents for the extra-large size. This is less than you pay for ice or any other system of refrigeration.

The purchase price, too, you'll be glad to hear, is only $195 to $430 at the factory. Purchase terms are liberal, and at the display room of your own gas company you'll find many models and sizes on view. For complete illustrated literature write Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York City.



A tiny gas flame take the place of all moving parts



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

ELECTROLUX

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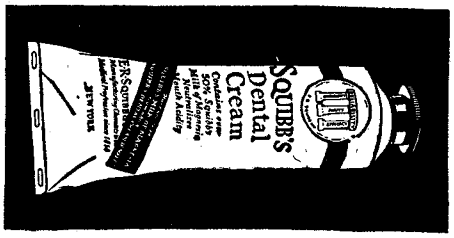

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good leg. His head lifted and his neck arched out. From his throat there came a hoarse and broken cry that after a second breath changed to a clear, proud scream of triumph. They lifted him very gently, and took him away to patch up his hurts. He would, the experts assured me, be quite fit again within a month.

"They are nothing but bone and muscle, when they are in training for the pit," my host said. "Unless they are killed, nearly all of them recover, for they are in such hard condition as no human athlete ever attains and perhaps no other beast."

IN the neighborhood of New York City there are perhaps three thousand fighting cocks kept in training all the time. Mains or tournaments are held every weekend in one of three places, somewhat remote from Manhattan. The most important of these, a large barn in New Jersey completely furnished for the sport, with permanent pit, benches, and a quite handsome bar, was raided recently in one of the sudden outbursts of police zeal that sometimes affect the plans of the devotees. This was the first interruption that had come to the Jersey barn in nine years.

There is no accurate way of estimating the number of followers that the sport attracts. But it is safe to say that they run well into the thousands. Every year, a group of American-bred birds are taken to Europe to fight against Irish, English, and French cocks. These mains move on very even terms, and the Americans win often enough—bringing back much gold.

Cock-fighting, to this novice at the sport, did not seem in the least cruel. Rather magnificent, that any creature could fight so savagely, receive such deadly hurts, and keep battling to the last. They could run away if they chose, for only a low barrier holds them within the pit. They could lie down and refuse to fight. But they do not. They are not baited as fighting terriers and bulls are baited. Strife is in their blood, and so one does not think to pity them when they seem to glory so deeply in it. Terrible and ruthless they are, but never sinister.

We emerged, and the cold wind of dawn rattled in the tree-tops. The engines of twenty cars started noisily. Somebody was loading a truck with penned cocks bound for their familiar yards. The sound of their crowing was loud and shrill.

—MORRIS MARKEY

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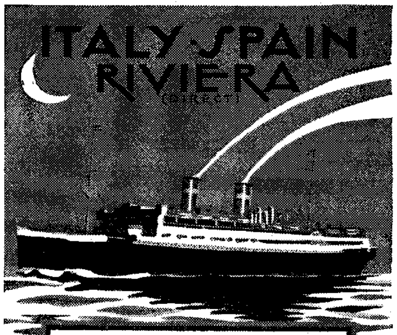

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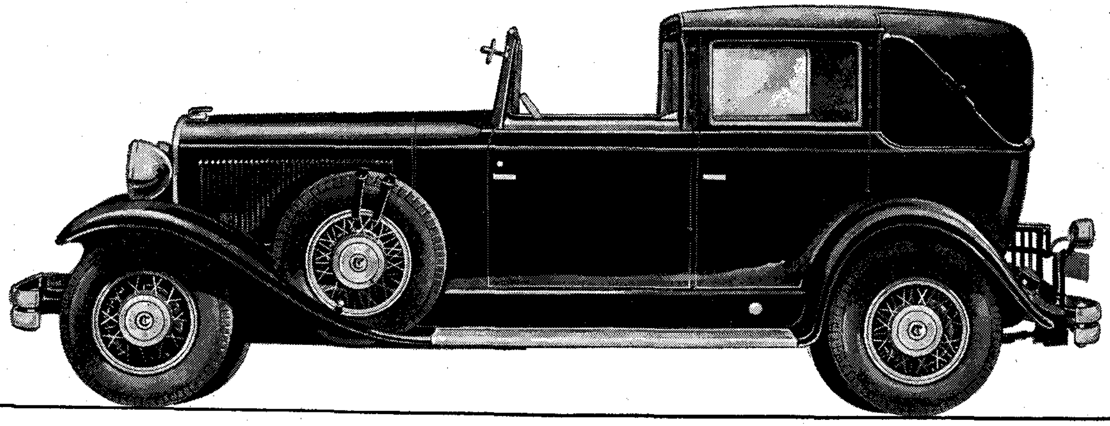

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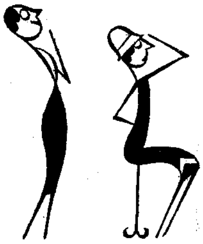
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



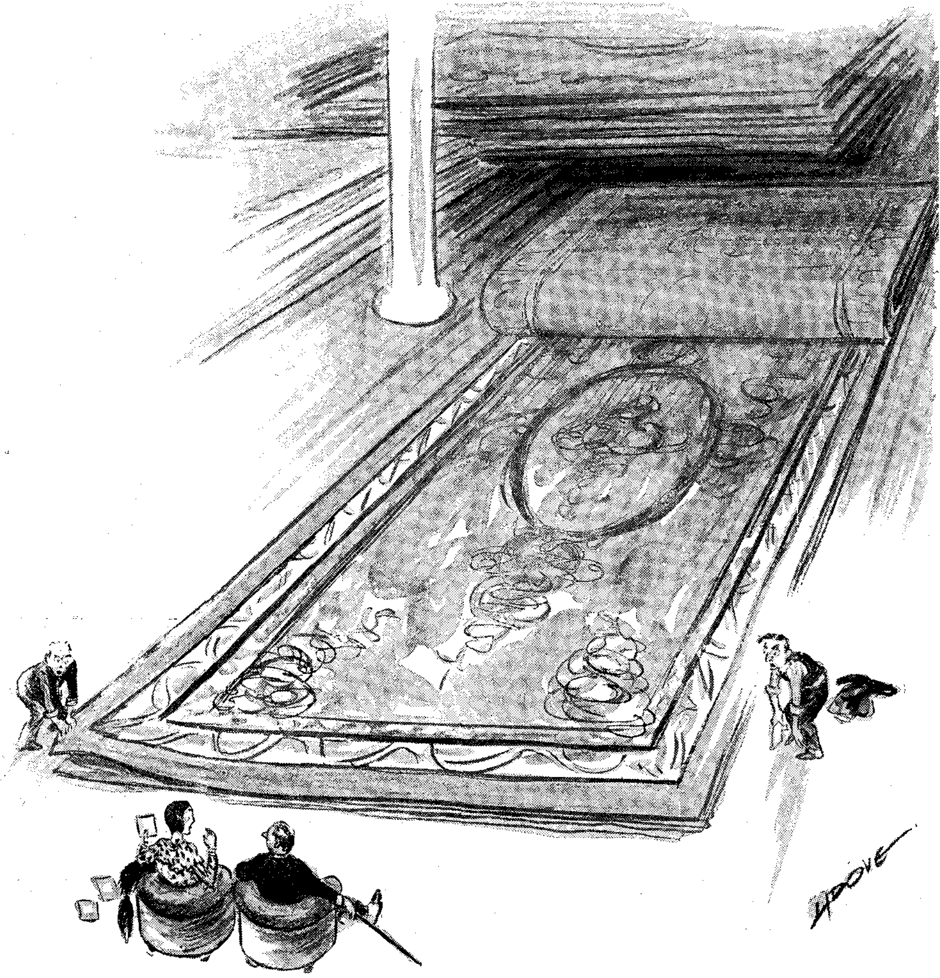
ALTHOUGH the thought is a somewhat incredible one, the fact remains that, to the fashion world at least, spring is right around the corner. Brisk little two-piece tailored suits have already made their bright-eyed appearance at Stewart. The materials, in general, are new versions of light wool fabrics of the crepella school (they have more body than crepella, but we must generalize); the details are much more elaborate and dressy than of yore, which probably means that Paquin will go popular; and the blouses are quite fussy in cut. I will never get used to satin blouses with tweed suits, no matter how much I'm educated. The skirts have a way of flaring out just a little at the hem, as though they had been pulled out. Galliac is much used. The two that particularly caught my eye are not as extreme as they are going to sound. One, from Germaine Lecomte, is of black wool, with a tie belt and a flat, rounded collar of white galliac with a black edge. It doesn't show the blouse at all when fastened and has a two-piece-dress effect. Another has a longish jacket with faint pink galliac around the neck, and tied in a knot just above the waistline in front. The blouse, which is the most frivolous yet seen, is of pink shantung, cut in a peplum style and adorned with black pipings and black polka dots. Then, there are suits of red wool with black galliac applied flat around the jackets; suits of Schiaparelli tweed, which looks heavy on account of the casual weave but in reality is light in weight; one of a starlene crêpe, a silky rep with tiny, almost invisible dots; a fifty-five-dollar suit of tweed with an unlined jacket, a satin blouse, and a skirt that is intricately cut and simple in its eventual effect; and, of course, numerous others.

JUST as life was going along so nice and smoothly, Vera Sanville, at 746 Madison Avenue, has to bring up the question of hats—which, more than any other article of apparel, have to be seen on your own head before they mean a thing. They make them on the head here, and are particularly successful about altering models to suit your own type of beauty. For Palm Beach, she has been making simple cloches of straw in any color, hemstitched on the brim, to go with hemstitched dresses. For angora coats and jackets, she makes hats of an angora weave that resembles a soft fuzzy straw, and her success with straw hats having brims faced with handkerchief linen to match the band was so great that she is doing this with felt ones for spring. The effect is enchanting on hats with brims very wide and floppy at the sides, short in front and back, and endowed with crowns even shallower than last year's. In fact, lots of the newest French models even take a deep tuck in the back of the crown to bring the hat farther down on the neck and higher off the forehead.

And, while you are on the premises, look at a new lace evening dress by Chanel that is perfectly simple around the shoulders, has a high, tight belt, shirring around the hips, and two flounces. The sort of thing she started last year, but in a new version. Just a dream-princess frock.

EVERYONE who follows this department with the proper diligence undoubtedly knows how it feels about "dressing your type" in the usual sense of the word. Greenwich Village is full of lanky women in trailing robes who were once told they looked like Mona Lisa and have never restrained their mania for green velvet embroidered with gold thread. However, I always have had a sneaking love for rich, lustrous fabrics in flaming colors, made very simply and worn for dinner at home, for quiet functions where the question of formal or informal dress is undecided, and other occasions where your dress is a matter of your own discretion.

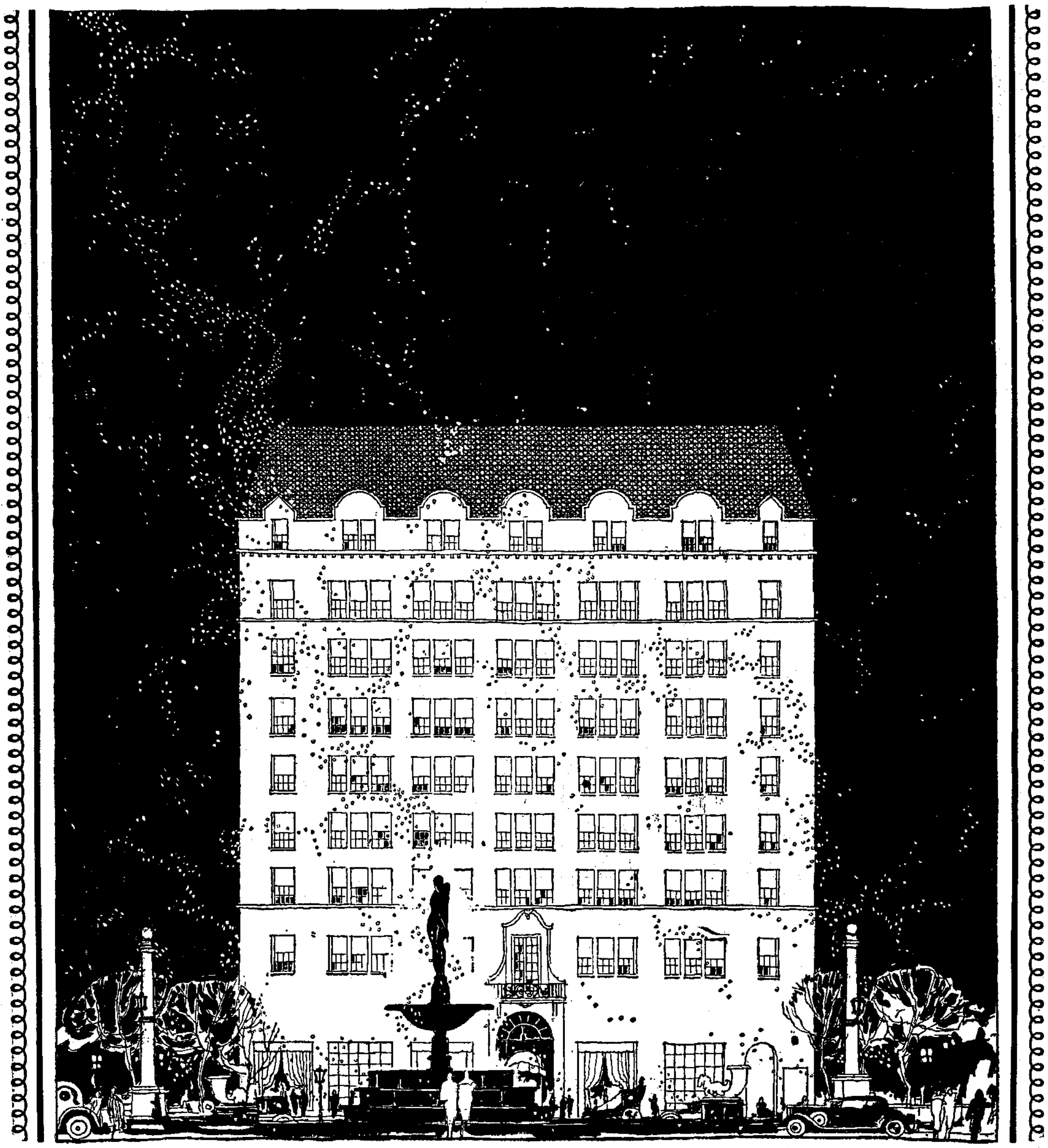
For this purpose, Natacha Rambova, at 6 East Fifty-second Street, is an excellent choice. She loves rich embroid-



"When you come down to it, Bradley, do we really need a rug?"

An Impression

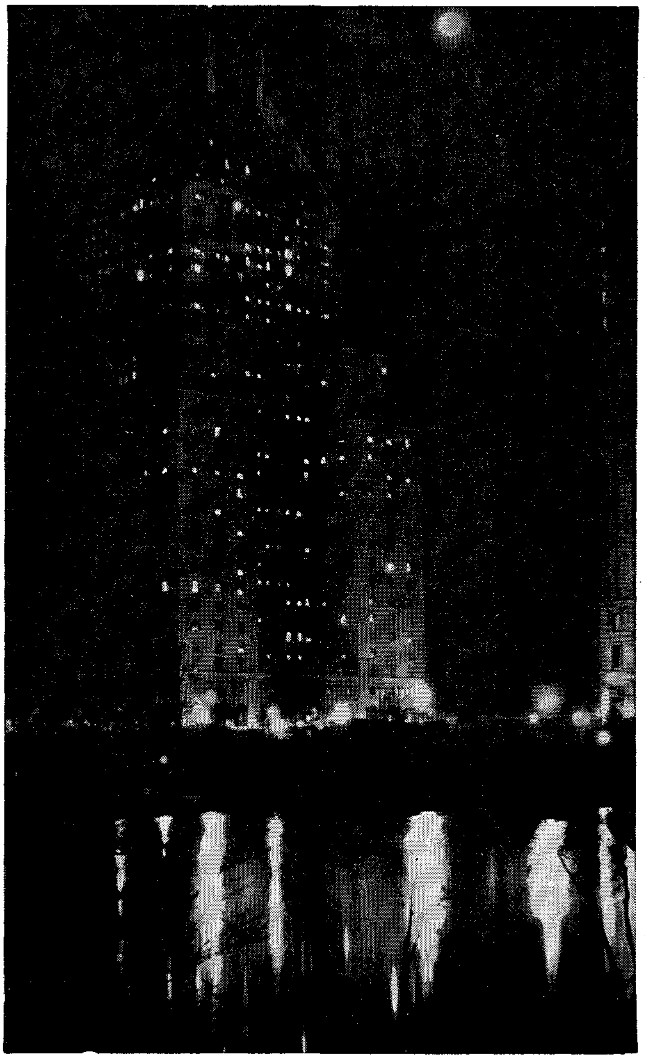
OF BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



Bergdorf Goodman's southern resort collection is a superb wardrobe for the Palm Beach season. For daytime, Bergdorf Goodman advises silk and chiffon ensembles, sleeveless golf dresses, yachting pajamas, short beach pajamas for additional sun-tan. For star-dusted southern evenings, the seasonal emphasis on crêpe de Chine, satin, and beautifully colored flowered-chiffons.

BERGDORF
GOODMAN

NEW YORK



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Central Park at 59th Street *Photograph by Amemya*

eries and rich colors, and odd cuts that have a very simple effect. For instance, she has a collection of coats of antique Persian brocades—collarless, perfectly simple in cut, and usually of one beautiful color with gold woven through it in tiny designs. They couldn't be more luxurious for evening coats, and the jackets are a grand starting-point for lounging pajamas if you add satin trousers. Tiny women in particular should look at them, for apparently in Persia and India girls rarely attain what to us is normal stature.

There are lots of dresses of the Russian type, with plenty of embroidery around the shoulders and on the full sleeves, a tie belt around the waistline, and a straight, full skirt. The kind of thing that is so convenient to slip into when you come home after an exhausting day for a quiet but becoming evening at home. You can order these in velvets, crêpes, anything you like. Natacha Rambova loves the severe redingote line, high at the neck, cut smartly in through the waistline, and flaring rather stiffly below, and does them in all possible fabrics, often with brilliant embroidery at strategic points. Or you may suddenly come upon the most severe of dinner gowns, of black crêpe cut close around the throat, close through the middle part of the body, and coming almost to the ground all around. Long medieval sleeves trail from the elbow; there is no adornment except the cut. She loves big sleeves of all types, dresses that definitely suggest a period but are modified so as not to look like a Beaux Arts costume, and fabrics that suggest luxury but not fussiness. Although she has many lovely evening dresses, and sports and street clothes of a more conventional type, her greatest achievements are in making her clients a decoration to the home.

THOSE of you who are really forehanded and have little dressmakers at your disposal probably will delight in hearing about some of the new summer silks that Stehli is showing. Most of them have a dull, rich finish (for the smartest summer silks aren't shiny any more) and seem to have as their aim an ambition to tailor well and drape better. The Basque-stripe silk shirting in one color has already been commented on in these columns. Stewart, Best, and Lord & Taylor have dresses of it for the South, and Altman has it by the yard for ambitious little workers. Another is silk P-K, which turns out to be a crêpe with a tiny piqué-type ribbing and isn't heavy like real piqué at all. Still another luxurious silk crêpe with a low lustre, which is washable, is called Old England. The particular favorite of this department, however, is one called Iraq, which has the superficial appearance of alpaca and gives a good tailored effect, but is also so soft that it drapes exceptionally well. All of them well worth remembering when you start brooding about those simple little summer daytime frocks for hot weather and how to get enough of them.—L. L.

AS TO MEN

Warmth for Florida—Awning Stripes—And a Touch of Color

A SOUTHERN holiday is great for the health (and a winter tan is impressive), but remember that when you return it's very easy to get pneumonia if you happen to strike our climate at the wrong moment. A good idea, I think, is to tuck a suit of moderately heavy underwear into one of the bags you are packing for the South; you may even find use for it in Florida.

Brooks have some silk-and-wool underwear so light that it wouldn't seem burdensome even to a man who brags that he wears summer shorts the year round, and it's guaranteed not to scratch. Shirts and drawers come in various lengths of sleeves and legs, all full-fashioned so that they fit nicely and don't twist about. There are also suits of balbriggan gauze merino that are worth your examining.

Pull-overs are another defence against chills in this city, where the weather changes so quickly and violently that even hardened New Yorkers find difficulty in remembering what season it is supposed to be. On a damp day a pull-over is warmer than a waistcoat. If, however, you buy one to wear with a business suit, I suggest that you try it on to make sure the neck is cut low enough to show several inches of tie. You can have sleeves or not as you wish, depending somewhat on how tight your tailor cuts the sleeves of your jackets. Striking patterns and bright colors have been overdone and are consequently not as smart as small geometric patterns and plain dull colors. This is true of the sweaters worn in the

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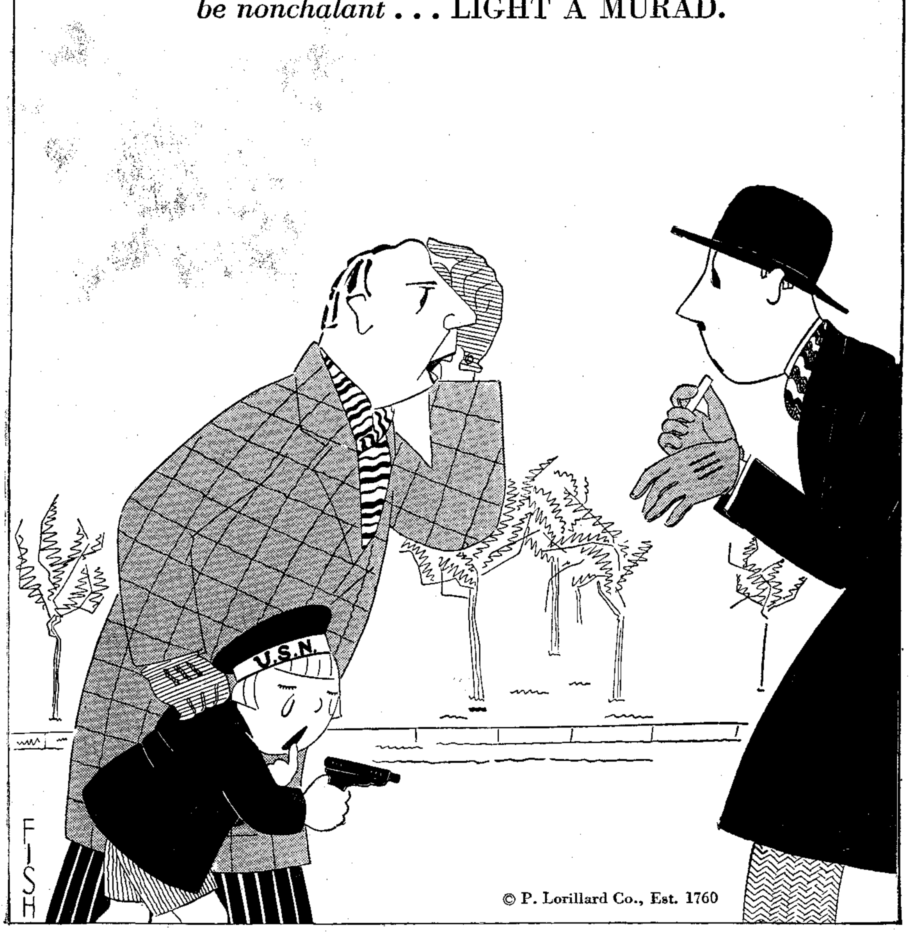

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country as well as those worn in town. Kaskel, Kaskel & Dunlap have a swell collection of sweaters which includes one sleeveless pull-over of cashmere that will fold into a plaid-silk envelope about the size of a tobacco pouch. You can carry it about in your golf bag or in the pocket of your car, knowing it will be clean when you want to put it on. All the sweaters in this shop were made in England and the prices range from $12.50 for a sleeveless woollen pull-over to $55 for some very attractive sweaters of Indian cashmere.

Tripler sells sleeveless lace-knit pull-overs for $15; with sleeves, they are $18. If you wish, you can have golf stockings made specially to match, for $12.50. These are very fine hose but I prefer another ensemble I was shown in this shop: the sweater is a plain dull color which is repeated in the discreet pattern of the golf hose and half hose shown with it. The effect appears less studied.

BEACH coats of boldly printed linen, lined and faced with terry cloth, are among Tripler's contributions to color on the Breakers' beach. The linen has a bright red pattern on a white ground and the terry-cloth lining is tan. The cost is $50. Other beach coats, made of awning-striped terry, cut like double-breasted polo coats with big pearl buttons and notched lapels, cost $25.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE are always pulling surprises. Not satisfied with introducing color in the bodies of evening shirts, they've come right out in the open now with colored dinner jackets: dark brown, bottle green, and royal blue! These suits are sold, so I am told, to members of the polo crowd, who wear them in the privacy of their homes. The grosgrain for the lapels had to be dyed to match the material of the suit, a difficult process, they say, but worth the effort because it helped remove a slight minstrel-show end-man look. Single and double-ended ties are made of the same dyed grosgrain. I asked about green patent-leather shoes, but was told they are not carried in stock.

—G. McC.

●

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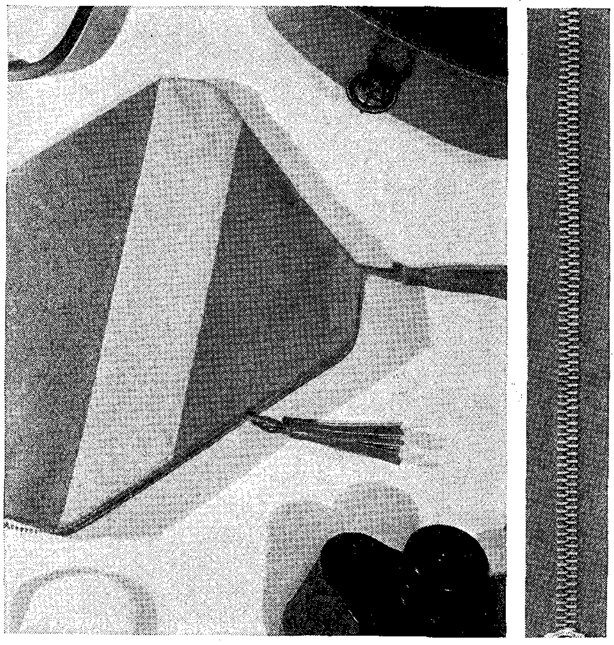

Sports Bag

Basque linen, printed in white and the blue of a spring sky. Leather tassels animate the Talon Fastener.

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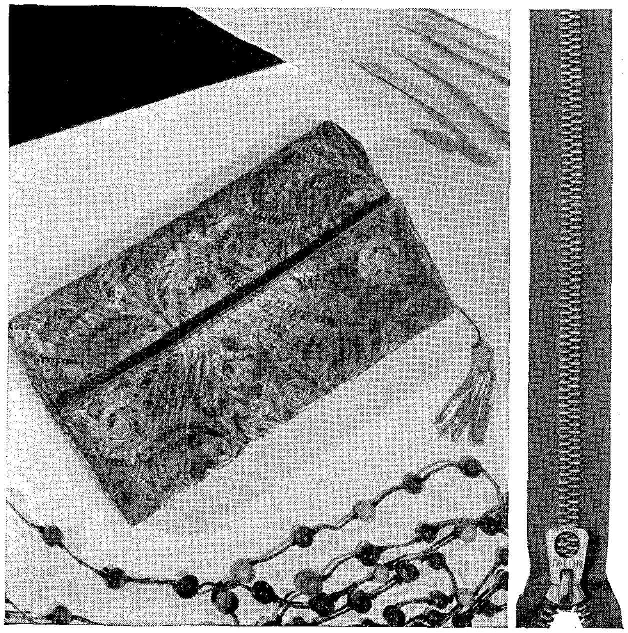

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MUSICA

"Sadko" — Still Ano
— The Not So M

WHEN Kurt Schindler introduced excerpts from "Sadko" in concert form a few years ago, it seemed that this opera had suffered from neglect by the Metropolitan authorities. The music was charming, and the text suggested many possibilities for colorful stage developments. Almost everybody indulged in the popular occupation of shaking a reproachful finger in the general direction of Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway—and this year "Sadko" has entered the Metropolitan repertory.

Although the Metropolitan production makes it plain that a great deal of energy has gone into "Sadko," the opera does not pan out as well as one might have expected. The music, constantly euphonius and always adroitly scored, becomes monotonous, because Rimsky-Korsakoff's melodic invention lacks variety. The use of a French text brings about a certain prettiness that is not only superfluous but even out of character; and as for the French that is sung in this performance, its greatest virtue is its unintelligibility. We have an opera in French, originally composed to Russian words, sung by a cast which includes no Frenchmen but boasts two Russians.

AS usual, Mr. Serafin is the star of the show, sharing honors with Miss Fleischer, whose singing of the most grateful rôle in the piece is superb. Edward Johnson does well with the long and sometimes routine title part and one or two of the minor characters are sufficiently effective. Most of them, however, are pretty well out of the picture, and the famous "Song of India," oddly enough, sounds like nothing at all.

The Soudeikine scenery is grotesque but uneven, and there are symptoms that indicate the electricians must have had no end of trouble lighting it properly. The under-water tableau, of which much had been expected, was almost turned to caricature by a device which flashed a steady stream of fish on the backdrop.

An hour or so of "Sadko" is a charming experience. More than three hours of it is a trifle cloying, which probably is not to be charged against

VENTS

quiem Comes to Light
te—Heifetz Novelties

the Metropolitan so much as it is a debit against the composer.

NOT so long ago I had the pleasure of encountering the C minor Requiem of Cherubini, and I fancied that one requiem in this tonality would be all that I would meet in a season—but at the concert of the Schola Cantorum there arrived a Requiem in C minor by Joseph Haydn. At least, it was announced as an authentic composition by Papa Haydn, as his critical intimates call him, and the program notes provided the musicographical background for the ascription of the paternity.

It seems that the score of the Requiem began turning up in various German cities in 1922 and that an industrious researcher named Schmid proved it was one of Haydn's reliques. From one hearing, I certainly cannot demonstrate to you that it must have been written by one of the sons of Bach or by Louis XIV, which lets me out as a musicologist. If it isn't a genuine Requiem in C minor by Haydn, at least it will do until a better one comes along. It is somewhat more sombre than the music which generally is associated with Haydn, but it is written with skill and feeling. The only unorthodox passage in it is the Tuba Mirum, which eschews the conventional snorts from the brass and emerges as a pastorale of great charm.

BY way of novelty, Hugh Ross introduced into the Requiem two boy soprani. Whether this was prompted by any directions in the score or by Mr. Ross' own sense of such matters, I do not know; but the effect was not a bad one, and the young soloists chirped with more solicitude for the pitch than some of their elder colleagues. There also was a choral effort, "Lie Strewn the White Flocks," a setting of bucolic verse, new and old, by Arthur Bliss, who used to compose dissonant shorts but who turned loose a fine flood of lush this time. This pastoral pastiche will find its way into a picture presentation yet.

In the second part of the concert, Mr. Ross revived Strauss' "Taillefer," a bombastic if effective version in tone of a ballad by Ludwig Uhland, that second-rate German Longfellow. Much more important was a chorus by

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Edited by ROBERT HUNT

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Villa-Lobos, the immensely gifted Brazilian, who built up something with voices and orchestra that paralleled in interest the Ravel "Bolero." Here Mr. Ross and the Schola did the best job that I have yet heard from them, and I hope we have not heard the last of this fascinating composition. Mr. Ross has succeeded, by the way, in eliminating the raucousness that hampered the Schola a little while ago and has imposed on it a welcome homogeneity of tone.

THERE were some strange doings with "The Magic Flute," up at the Heckscher Theatre, by the ambitious Little Theatre Opera Company. Most of the recitative was excised, a procedure which added to the movement of the opera, even if the substituted dialogue was as flat as an amateur violist. The setting, by Anthoni Panenko, consisted of a fore-stage, with a fan-like device, behind which changes of scene were made smoothly and rapidly. The English text, which sounded like a compilation of several versions, managed to be quite as silly as the original German.

Mozart presented almost as many difficulties for Mr. Reddick's young singers as Bach did when they attempted "Phoebus and Pan." Whether such trying music is their business is doubtful; in fact, when the opera was revived at the Metropolitan, there was some question whether Signor Gatti's veterans could handle it with credit. The best results were achieved in choral passages, and of the principals, Evan Evans, as the Speaker of the Temple, appeared to the best advantage.

LAWRENCE GILMAN once noted that what the country needed more than a good five-cent cigar was a new

violin concerto, and Jascha Heifetz, at his first recital of the season, attempted to fill this need with a concerto by Liapounoff, a Russian composer whose smaller works are heard occasionally at piano recitals. As violin concerti go, the Liapounoff work is pretty good, but it isn't likely to displace the Tschaikowski concerto or even the Bruch G minor as a popular favorite. It may be more impressive with orchestra than it was with piano—and then again, it may be less impressive when someone other than Mr. Heifetz plays it.

The program was a tribute to the violinist's curiosity, for he played only one hackneyed composition—the Bach Chaconne. A group of more or less classical bits of such obscurities as Tremais and Clérambault started the evening, and the closing bracket included a Larghetto Lamentoso by Godowski, a whale of a tango called "Sunmare," by Milhaud, Strauss' "An Einsamer Quelle," done *con sordino*, a brilliant arrangement by Mr. Heifetz of a Rumanian bit by Dinico, and a Honegger Presto. All were good—and the Milhaud and Dinico-Heifetz items bowled over the audience as no new music has in a long time.

Is it necessary to add that he played everything about as well as you ever will hear anything performed?

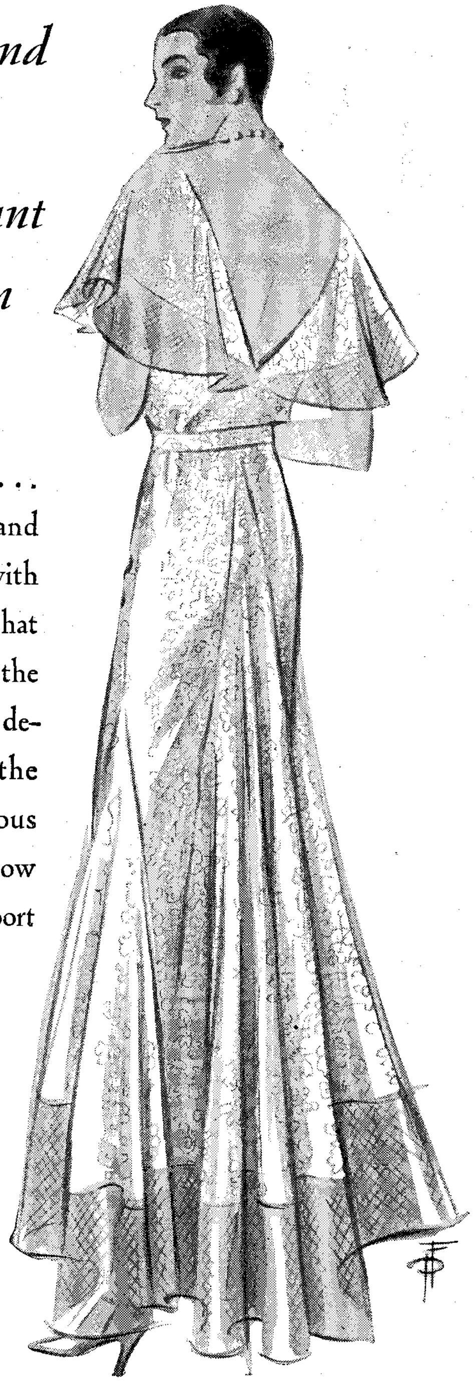
—R. A. S.

ON WITH THE DANCERS

A Few Conservatives Get into Trouble

WHEN one of the new dancers had her Sunday evening revels cancelled by the police, it was supposed that rumors of undress were responsible for the official intervention; but it appears that somebody is out to get all Sabbath terpsichoreans. Only last week, the entertainments provided by Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, Margaret Severn, and Paul Haakon were greeted with summonses.

The odd part of the proceedings is that the authorities menaced three of the most conservative festivals of the season. The Kreutzberg-Georgi combination is almost pure ballet, with only occasional incursions into modernism. Kreutzberg, it seems to me, is by far the most agile and rhythmical of the gentlemen who do things while somebody plays the piano. If you enjoy pure plastic (*there* is a charming bit which you may bandy about when you meet the sort of people who go to



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dance recitals), don't miss Kreutzberg. His partner, Miss Georgi, is nimble and accomplished, but she has not the rhythmic precision which sets Kreutzberg apart.

It is a pleasure to welcome back Margaret Severn, whose dancing doesn't pretend to be anything more than dancing, and combines a fine technique with unusual showmanship.

Paul Haakon, a newcomer, devoted himself principally to costume changes and whirls about the stage. He was handicapped by what sounded like a lack of rehearsals with the instrumentalists who participated in his activities.

SOMETHING ought to be done about the placement of pianos at these dancing divertissements. Many a performer works up a sort of illusion with costume and lights, only to have it ruined by the sight of an anxious gentleman in evening clothes thumping away aggressively in full view of the customers. —TERPSICHOREAN

•

TEMPERANCE SONG

FOR A BREATHLESS MOTHER

A baby is a priceless thing
To have about the house—
Sometimes he makes the welkin ring,
Again, the well-known mouse
Is boisterous compared to all
The silence we exact
Through parlor, bedroom, bath, and hall,
To keep his sleep intact.

And oh, the grandeur of his wrath
When he decides to raise
Objections to his morning bath!
And oh, his savage ways
When he determines to oppose
His daily Cream of Wheat!
He flings his small barbaric toes
About, and *will* not eat.

Oh, babies have their charm, although
The going's rather rough
At moments, whereupon we know
That one is quite enough.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

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HOCKEY

The Scout Racket—Gloom in Detroit—Introducing a New Goalie

WE are thinking of dropping literary work and going north to scout hockey teams. This is the season for becoming a scout, and more and more talent is falling in line. Beginners don't get much, but your high-pressure, experienced scout can demand a large salary and expenses. If you are scouting for three or four teams at the same time this runs into money. It is not always necessary to give up your regular job to become rich in this way, as some of the best scouting is done by fellows who never go to a game.

One who knows the technique of scouting and desires a new connection begins his operations with diplomacy. First he goes to the coach of the team he wants to scout for, and asks the coach to recommend him to the owner for a place on the payroll. If the coach refuses, the prospective scout goes to the owner of the team anyway. When an owner is worried about his teams, he is extremely susceptible to the approaches of anyone who asserts, with a knowing air, that he has clues to some good material. Having been signed and given a retainer, the scout goes home and writes letters, two a week, none shorter than four typed pages. In his first letter he describes a player he has been watching. His tone is enthusiastic. The player, according to his account, checks like Nels Stewart and skates like Eddie Shore, but in the last paragraph the expert scout adds a word of caution—he does not advise his employer to make any move yet, as he has only watched his prospect from the ice. In the next game he will look at him from the grandstand, and communicate what he sees. When the second letter comes, however, the scout's tone has changed. He says he has been disappointed in his player's performance as observed from the stand—it seemed far less impressive than at close range. By switching his opinions the scout keeps the owner interested, and gives such proof of his activity and caution that his job is secured as long as he can stand the strain of correspondence.

MANY clubs have lost chances to get good spares because of such scouting, but we are beginning to doubt whether spares have anything to do with a team's success. The other night we were trying to figure out why Detroit has been showing so badly. Week after week members of the Detroit first-string forward line keep their place in the list of the ten high-scorers of the league, but opposing scorers are apt to seem super-stars against the Detroit defence.

It is a husky defence at that, however, and Detroit rooters, a crowd known for their indifference to clever hockey and their enthusiasm for rough stuff, apparently enjoyed their happiest moment of the season when Harvey Rockburn stood alone facing two big Maroon puck-carriers and spilled both of them. Rockburn is a stocky defenceman the Rangers offered ten thousand dollars for a while ago and couldn't get. He was playing for the Detroit Olympics then. This year the Olympics have been drawing bigger crowds than the Cougars. Local ballyhooers try to make their public believe that Hay, Cooper, and Lewis are skating as well as ever; but ballyhoo does no good. The Detroit crowd continues to go down to watch the Olympics play the kind of slam-bang hockey they like to see.

THE other day a man from out of town approached Lester Patrick with an attraction which he felt would increase the Rangers' drawing-power. "It's a new goalie," he said. "Surefire. I want to sell him to the Rangers."

"Who is it?"

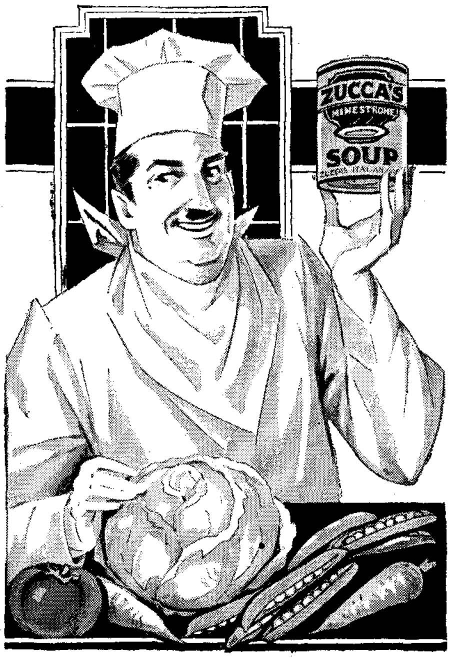
"P—— L—— from Seattle. Don't look at me that way. He's part Italian, part Irish, part Jewish. Can't you see what that name would mean in New York?"

Patrick seemed preoccupied.

"Well, listen," said the promoter. "If you don't want him, don't crab it anyway. If the corporation wants him, it's all right with you, eh? He's cheap—five hundred dollars."

Patrick put on his hat. "It's all right, but if I'm asked I'll tell what I think about him. Even if he's descended from the whole League of Nations but can't stop the puck, I wouldn't have him for the price of his uniform."

—N. B., Jr.



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The liquid is a clear amber consomme. The name of the soup is Zucca's Minestrone—a famous specialty at Zucca's Italian Garden and now sold for your own table by leading grocers.

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MINESTRONE
SOUP
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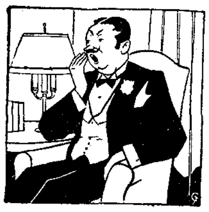
Zucca's Spaghetti Sauce is piquant and delicious for Noodles and Spaghetti as well as Meats and Fish.

man over-bored



many a jaded gent is saved from drowning in a sea of ennui by a happy landing among the enchanted aisles of

the rivoli—united artists

any gal would love it . . . "condemned" with ronald colman, particularly with sam goldwyn assisting at the incarceration.

the rialto

is paramount's explanation of what all the shooting was for at seventh avenue and fifty fifth... "street of chance" with william powell.

the criterion

are maurice chevalier and jeanette macdonald in "the love parade"... paramount's godsavethequeen with ernst lubitsch directing the rescue.

the paramount

where there's norma talmadge in "new york nights"... at least they're not six months long . . . joseph schenck and united artists have seen to that. dennis king on the stage, jesse crawford at the organ.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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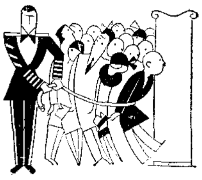
THE CURRENT CINEMA

More African Pygmies and Some James Barrie



THAT most redoubtable if somewhat restive couple, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, have returned again from a grand tour, a record of which may be seen at the moment at the George M. Cohan Theatre.

On this trip the Johnsons loitered a bit around some of the South Sea Islands: the Solomon Islands, for instance, Tulagua, and the Island of Vao, not omitting the Langa-langa Lagoon. From this region they hopped over to Central Africa, dropping in on the Dincas tribe, visiting the pygmies, who have been doing quite a lot of entertaining of late, and weekending in the Belgian Congo. The vicissitudes of travel never distract the Johnsons from their duty to the camera, and they even feel obliged to apologize at one time for not having chronicled in complete detail an upset of their boat in the cataracts of a Congo river. The result, of course, is a first-class travel picture, a rebuke to such of us as find even a journey on the Long Island Railroad a hardship.

The picture—incidentally it is christened formally "Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson"—deals largely with natives, only at the end giving space to somewhat conventional groups of wildebeests, zebras, a lion or two, vultures, and such things. Anyhow, the present tendency in travel pictures seems to be away from quadrupeds, and I for one prefer the bipeds. I don't recall having seen any better pictures of natives, especially of the South Sea brands, than in this film.

"SEVEN DAYS LEAVE" is an adaptation of Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," the one-act play about an old scrubwoman and a soldier in the Black Watch, back from the Front, whom she passes off to her colleagues as her son. The Barrie plot and the Barrie mood are duly transferred to the film, and with Beryl Mercer as old Mrs. Dowey and Gary Cooper as the young man, it is delicate and well done, properly poignant, and with its allowance of laughs. Certainly, it's also a little lagging and thin at times. I fear we have coarsened so, either be-

"Imagine my surprise!"

said the sweet young thing

THE rest of her story contained some fairly incoherent phrases about a magic carpet that took her from a bridge party to Monte Carlo. What actually happened was this: her host had produced a CAROU cloth (the new game adapted from roulette). In a trice, he had transformed the bridge table into a fascinating game board. No wonder the s.y.t. was amazed!

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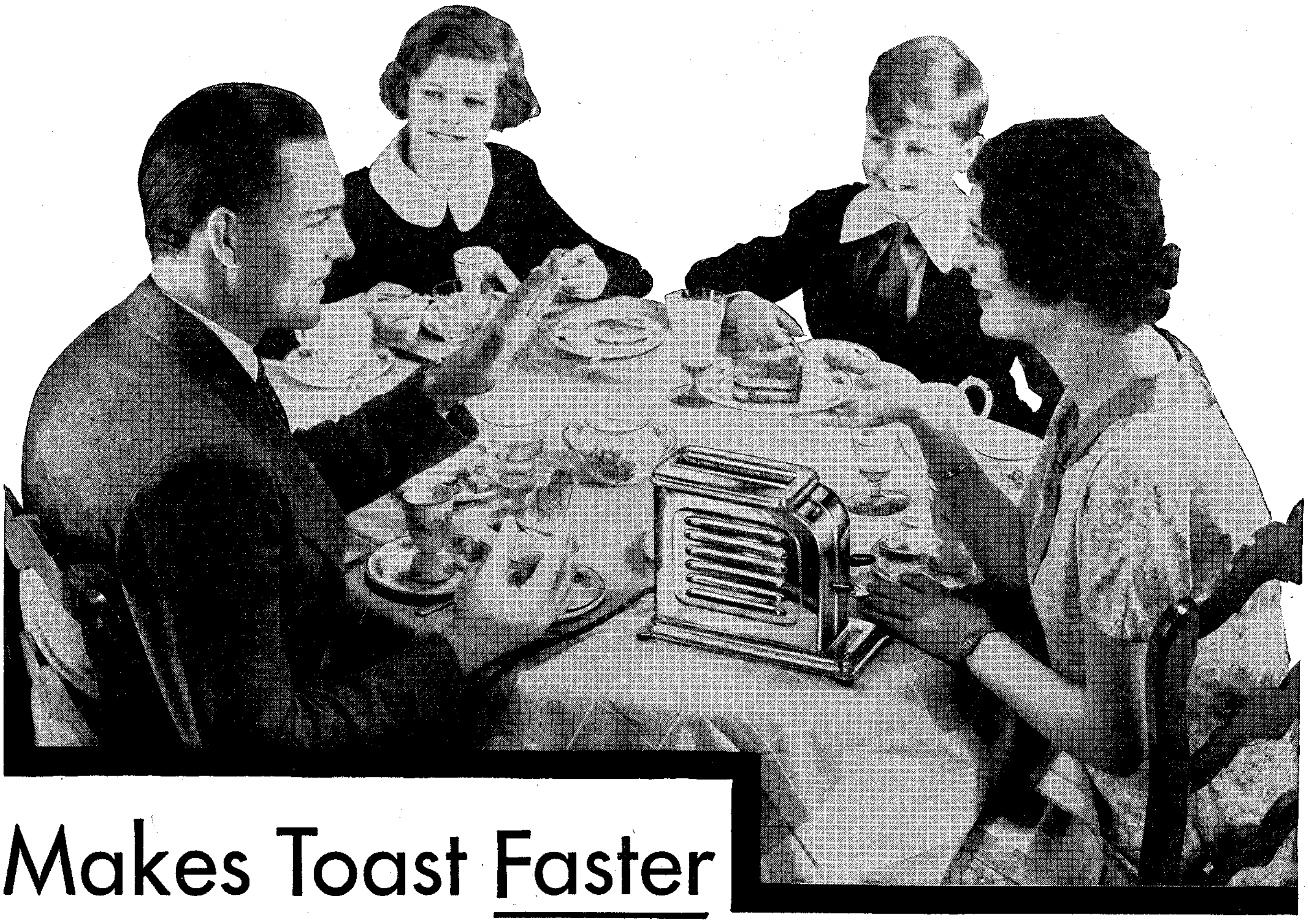

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By toasting both sides at once, all the flavor is sealed in. Toast moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside.

You don't watch the toast—you don't turn it—you can't burn it. Everything is done automatically for you, even to turning off the current.

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Overlooking the Park. 1-2-3 or more rooms. Tile serving pantries. Central refrigeration. The finest restaurant in town. Circle 7900 . . . Immediate occupancy.

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The Mirabeau Apartment Hotel
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On the exclusive East Side. 1 to 3 rooms, serving pantries. With or without hotel service. Excellent Restaurant. Rhinelander 1750. Ready for occupancy.

65 Central Park West
Corner 66th Street
Central Park as your private estate. 3-4-5 and 6 rooms. Susquehanna 2650. Now Leasing.

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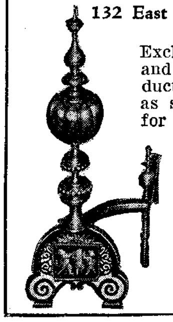

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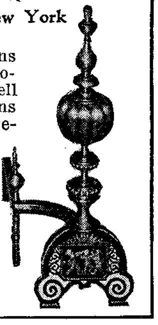


cause of post-war habits or with the general crassness of advancing years, that the feathery anguish Barrie contributes isn't as compelling as it used to be.

IN Norma Shearer's new picture, "Their Own Desire," I can see nothing whatsoever. It's the complicated romance of a young lady whose loyalty to her mother conflicts with her devotion to her beloved. The young couple occupy a large part of the picture, before the catastrophe, in badinage, but their dialogue does a good deal to discourage interest in their story, as it not only advances with the customary mechanical deliberation of the talkies but consists mostly of such lines as "okay by me." The film adds nothing to Miss Shearer's prospects, and doesn't compare with "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Nor is the catastrophe, a storm scene on Lake Michigan, any knockout—although Norma Shearer goes a bit mad for a while and behaves like an Ophelia of the Great Lakes.

"A FRAGMENT OF AN EMPIRE," at the Cameo, preaches furiously the advantages now to be found under Soviet rule. A shellshocked soldier comes to his senses at last after having been entirely unaware of the revolution and the new government. "We, the workers, are the masters now," says the film; and its point would be eloquent at times were it not for the prolixity of the Soviet movie people. —J. C. M.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Sun*]

Brokers' market letters today continued to take a conservatively optimistic view of the outlook.

Hornblower & Weeks advised traders to "continue to follow along on the constructive side with a group of highest grade investment issues."

E. F. Hutton & Co. said they still are of the opinion "that prices of many stocks are at accumulating levels."

Munds & Winslow commented that "the facts of the business situation point to the advisability of taking advantage of every reaction to buy good stocks."

Morrison & Townsend commented that "good stocks bought at prevailing levels seem almost certain to appreciate largely in value later in the year."

•

And they were married and lived happily even after.—*Church World.*

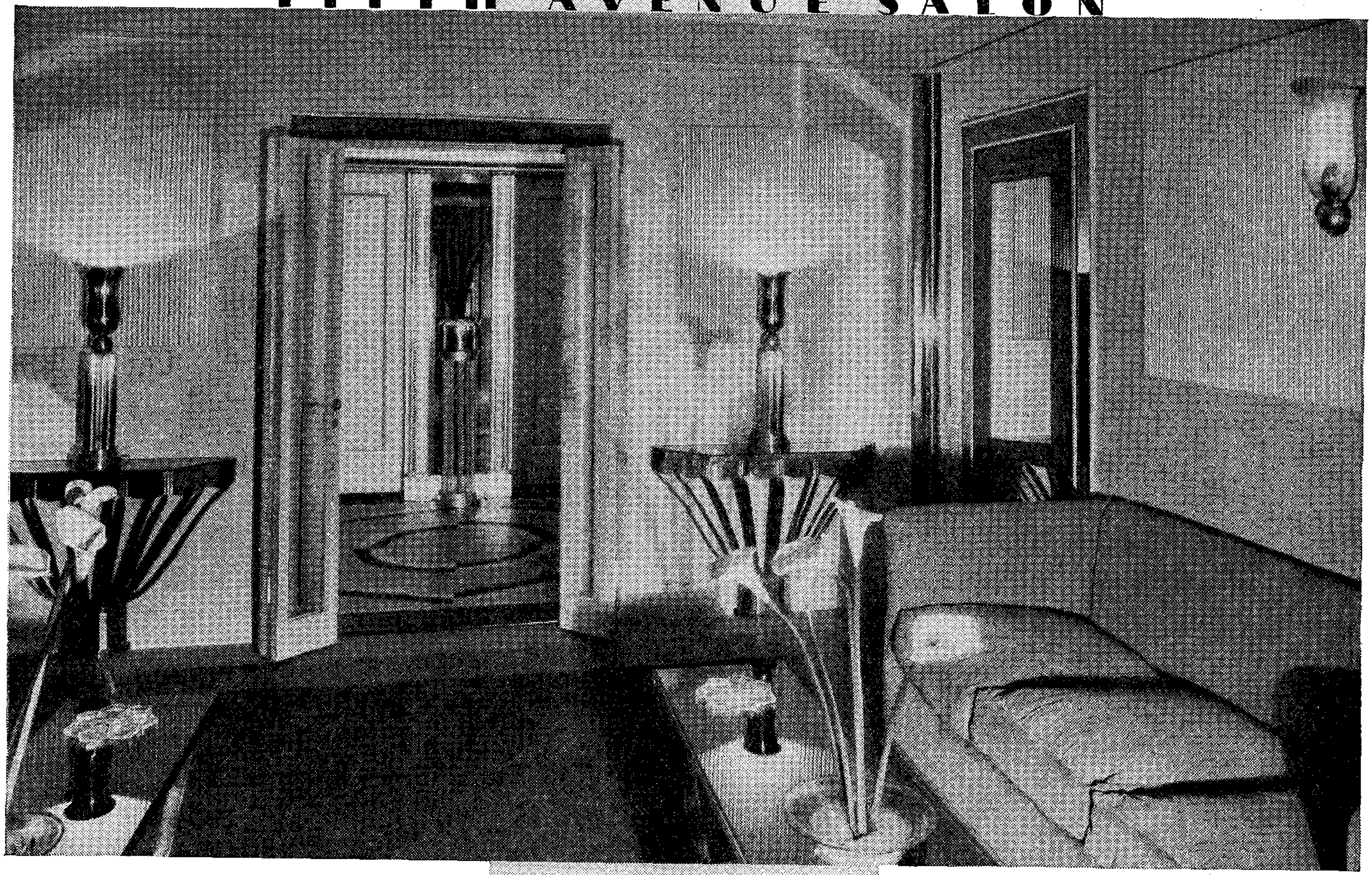
Which is probably worth noting in passing.

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN

Stylist in Beauty

announces the opening of her new

FIFTH AVENUE SALON

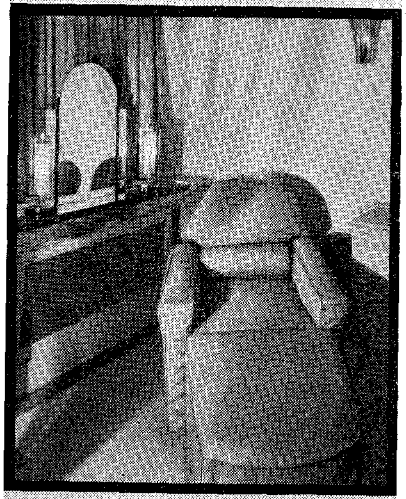


Modernistic—and charmingly, reposefully so, Kathleen Mary Quinlan's new Salon, 655 Fifth Avenue at Fifty-second Street.

● A thrilling, modernistic beauty Salon . . . like no other in New York . . . with luxurious comfort and latest appointments . . . is now on upper Fifth Avenue for feminine New Yorkers.

The foyer . . . a blaze of light gleaming from black mirrors and silver walls . . . the drawing room, sounding subtle notes of soothing blues . . . intimate small treatment rooms, ravishingly dainty—peach, maize, orchid to woo you to restfulness . . . blue, green, lavender . . . havens of quiet peace on a busy day.

Kathleen Mary Quinlan, a gracious woman who has devoted her life to fostering loveliness, dedicates this shrine to you. Her keen personal interest in your beauty needs, her heart-warming charm, give you a sense of happy security.



In this intimate, pastel-tinted treatment room, skillful hands add enchantment to eyes, skin, and hair.

● Robert Locher, brilliant expressionist of the new ideas in art, brought modern decoration to this sanctum—made it one of the most fascinating spots for the smart woman to spend a refreshing interlude.

Here, tended by precise velvet finger tips, and with Miss Quinlan's exquisite preparations, tired lines and wrinkles fade as youth is renewed, rested eyes sparkle, and hair becomes lustrous with health . . . your whole being is given added allurement . . . you are refreshed.

Feminine New Yorkers may now buy Miss Quinlan's exquisite preparations at all leading stores. But first visit the new Salon, 655 Fifth Avenue and receive Miss Quinlan's personal analysis of what creams, lotions, and make-up best suit your type—let her style your beauty.

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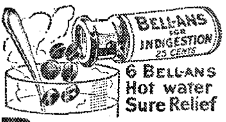

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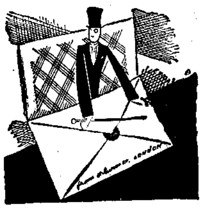
LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JAN. 22



A NEWCOMER to the theatre is Mr. Aldous Huxley. Mr. Campbell Dixon has produced a stage version of "Point Counterpoint," which Leon M. Lion is now rehearsing with Violet Vanbrugh, Arthur Wontner, Joyce Kennedy, and Miles Malleson. I should not have thought Aldous Huxley's novels would act. A certain plotlessness seems the essence of their construction; in fact, so far Huxley has given us not novels, nor even a philosophy, so much as a mental attitude. Today there is undoubtedly a school of Aldous Huxley in England which consists largely of people who behave with an odd assumption of Huxleian mannerisms and exercise his varied and rather startling vocabulary. You are liable to run up against one of his characters in real life at any moment. And very disconcerting it is. The cult flourishes in Oxford and Cambridge—where, respectively, his brother, Julian Huxley, and J. B. S. Haldane are busy turning male tadpoles into female and one tadpole into two—and by the riverside at Hammersmith, where a group of soured young iconoclasts are industriously doing all the things which the rest of the world is likely to regard as strange. One must remember that there is a strong mid-Victorian middle-class censorship of the English stage. Shorn of his Puckish pornography, and an unactable acquaintance with Renaissance painting, what is there left of Mr. Aldous Huxley?

WE have a new noise. Mr. Lansbury, the fatherly Socialist, has decided that what London needs is a carillon. I went to experience this new sensation not so very long ago, and came upon a species of Greek temple, about a hundred feet high, made of asbestos sheets in the best classical tradition, with a door in each side labelled: "Private—Keep Out." This erection is brightening up that portion of Hyde Park immediately opposite Grosvenor House, just by that cheery little fountain of the boy with the dolphin. About a thousand people were gazing upwards in respectful anticipation and trampling the lawn into an ooze of mud. Presently a young man with pronounced side-

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whiskers and a green golfing suit entered the building, and a moment later the air was rent with an indeterminate and hideous clanging which my neighbor informed me was "An Old-fashioned House in an Old-fashioned Town." The bells are definitely not in tune, and as the next lot begin before the first lot have ceased dinning, the effect is romantic but chaotic. Fortunately, the affair is only temporary, as the bells are to be sent to New Zealand, where they should be well out of earshot.

A VARIETY of American interests has been plotting behind closed doors to surprise London with a brand-new temple of the talkies, to seat four thousand victims. Nothing is arranged yet, as sites big enough for this purpose are hard to come by, but there is some talk of using the whole of the south side of Piccadilly Circus or (shades of the eighties!) having the Devonshire Club eradicated for this purpose. As if this were not bad enough, a monstrous hotel with two thousand bedrooms and two thousand baths is going up at Marble Arch. This will be the biggest in Europe, and the most elaborate. Everything human ingenuity can devise will be at the service of the guests, from radios in all the rooms to an arrangement of illuminated letters whereby a visitor can make known his wants, signal to his friends, and even be conducted (by means of arrows) to his lost apartment. The idea is to eliminate the bellhop, and not, as you might imagine, the guest.

Worse than all this, some bad man has decreed the end of Princes'. Princes'! It is to become an arcade, like the Burlington opposite. This is a tragedy of the first water. Princes' had the first decent cabaret show in town, and still has one of the best. There was always an attractive atmosphere about the place, and the people there seemed pleasanter than in most spots of its order. It was one of the few haunts of luxury where one could go without much danger of seeing Roseray and Capella, and its black ebony floor that dangled on chains was definitely the best to be found in London. *Eheu!* —A. G.

•

Mr. and Mrs. George Zabriskie, of 23 Gramercy Park, are expected today at the Savoy Plaza.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Couple of globe-trotters, evidently.

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COINTREAU
ANGERS

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COINTREAU
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AT COST AND BELOW COST
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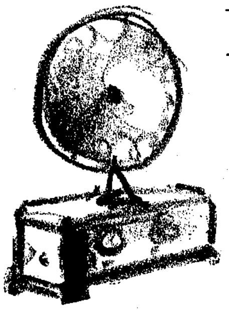
ON THE AIR

His Majesty the King —Solemnities—And So Back to Broadway



RADIO struck its first blow for world peace by broadcasting the opening meeting of the Naval Conference in London to all members of the Brotherhood of Man owning receiving sets. However, in the minds of the radio announcers and the newspaper reporters of radio, the feature of the program was not the Conference but the speech of King George, solemnly and awesomely heralded as the first time the King's voice had ever been heard in America—by courtesy of the National and Columbia Broadcasting Systems.

This is not, however, the first time King George has roused radio listeners from their beds at six in the morning, or made them stay up all night, as the case may be. Last summer, at the same terrible hour, the thanksgiving services for the recovery of the King were rebroadcast by short wave-length —dim, wavering, but impressive. This early-morning business is going to give the King a sinister reputation in the Central Standard Time belt, where five o'clock is five o'clock and nò hour for a monarch to be up.

King George was unfortunate in opening the program—always a bad spot—and his first sentences came through the roaring of a Niagara. On my set KDKA was the first station to emerge clearly from a tumult which might have been an electric storm in mid-Atlantic or some bad colds in the House of Lords. However, the words of the King, when they triumphed over the distance, must have come as a real shock to millions of American ears; his accent is less pretentious, and much less "English," than that of any Kansas-born talkie star.

AFTER Premier MacDonald's speech the Conference went into a maze of oratory with no announcer to guide it. Nobody to describe the weather and the beautiful effect of the sunlight on the grandstands. Nobody to let you listen for a minute to the noise that the boys in the gallery were making. Nobody to wish you were there to enjoy the greatest game of the year. Nobody, in fact, to spoil the dull, dignified solemnity of a pompous show.

ON the whole, the technical side of the broadcast was clearer than the diplomatic. The National Broadcasting Company, using a short wave-length, picked up clearly and strongly after some preliminary swooning. Station WABC, using the transatlantic telephone, had a break in the connection and had to oblige with an organ solo, without stopping for explanations, which made it seem that the Conference had suddenly burst out with "La Marseillaise." Excuse it, please. Both networks were nervous and awed, and the presence of the King subdued the voices of the introductory announcers to the muted tone used by Roxy in announcing a Beethoven symphony at a Sunday concert.

IN face of all this new radio magnificence, it hardly seems proper to mention that Jimmie Durante has also made his radio début and that you may hear the programs of Les Ambassadeurs (pronounced exactly as spelled) over WMCA on Sunday and Wednesday nights. At first, with the zeal of beginners, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante were generous with their songs, but lately they have been a bit haughty. If you are lucky, though, you may hear them sing "A Bunch of the Boys Was Discussin'."

Also, the Puccini hours are particularly good because they bring music that has been protected by copyright against wholesale slaughter. The operas are, of course, compressed to tabloid form, but they are well sung and well presented.

The Edison Hours on Monday nights are amusing because they give you the favorite songs of all our public pets. I am not surprised to learn that Calvin Coolidge dotes on "The Stars and Stripes Forever." King Alphonso and Andrew Mellon are some of the others who have recently had programs dedicated to them.

As for other random joys, I hope the R.C.A.-Victor Company presents Lawrence Tibbett in a return engagement. And I hope Mary Garden comes back in an entire program of Scotch songs. —A. S.

•

POODLE, small, white, has puppies, on Wednesday. Morningside Drive. 419 West 115th.—*The Times.*

What time on Wednesday?

"Doing" Favours Right

■

means letting the *party factory* find the favours most appropriate to *your* kind of party.

The *party factory* "does" all kinds of favours . . . paper balloons that stay blown up for days . . . tiny umbrellas with glittering "diamond" handles, that are really snappers . . . little crepe paper baskets that contain complete costumes . . . these, and dozens of others, are what make the *party factory* such fun.

■

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New York
Plaza 4000 . . . Ext. 165

WHEN dinner is over and your guests start fidgeting for something to do, and you KNOW they're waiting for entertainment that you've forgotten to engage . . .

CALM YOURSELF!

A phone call will bring the boys with their bundle of funny songs in no time.

The
Four Original
Yacht Club Boys
1650 Broadway
Circle 6453

Handwritten at REUBENS

As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

BENNY LEONARD:

To Reuben the only man who knocked me down and then built me up with steaks so I could win from Lew Tendler
Benny Leonard

We'll wager that the greatest lightweight champion the world has ever known will tell you, with some regret possibly, that even his mother never prepared chicken goulash for Benneh that tasted any better than our chef's version with its paprika, onions, egg noodles, fresh vegetables and brown gravy.

MADGE KENNEDY:

Madge Kennedy

Give Miss Kennedy a sophisticated rôle by Philip (Paris Bound) Barry and an equally sophisticated dish of Reubenola by Arnold (That's All) Reuben and you have one of the happiest actresses in the American Theatre.

FRED ASTAIRE:

Fred Astaire

Mr. Astaire, one of our more cultured hoofers and nimbler musical comedy neckers harbors a secret pash for stuffed goose neck à la Reuben. . . . We just thought we'd beat Walter Winchell to it. . . .

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Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st
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from a sandwich to a National Institution

TRUE STORIES

I—SUPER-SALESMANSHIP

Two iceboxes were shipped
From Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
To Ivigtut,
Iceland.

And the port of Ivigtut
Is frozen solid
Eleven months a year!

II—SWEET CHARITY

R. C. Fritts
Was ordered by the court
To pay twelve dollars
Weekly support
To his destitute wife
And four children.

Mr. Fritts is the founder,
Operator, and proprietor
Of the Open Door Rescue
Mission,
And spends for charity
Fifteen thousand dollars per
annum.

III—LOVE TAPS

Alonzo B. See,
Millionaire manufacturer,
Is publishing a book
Criticizing modern society,
Which he promises
"Will make the fur fly."

"My former book
Was just a love tap.
In it I advocated
Burning all the colleges
And hanging all the professors—
Nothing more!"

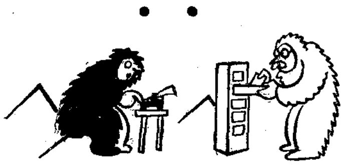
IV—VINDICATION

Rafael Justi,
Honest citizen
Of Florence, Italy,
Was summoned to court
To explain his non-payment
Of the bachelors' tax.

He discomfited the tax officers
By producing—
One marriage certificate,
One wife,
Fourteen children.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

• •



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Folks *do* notice your nails. They'll regard you more highly, if you keep your nails always neat and well-trimmed, with Gem, the pocket manicure. Quick and handy. At all drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).
The H. C. COOK CO., 8 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem NAIL Clippers
Gem Jr. 35c

OUR CONTRACT-BRIDGE PROBLEMS—III

NORTH
♠ 9
♡ 8-7-4-3-2
◇ 10-8-6-3-2
♣ K-3

WEST
♠-10-7-5-2
♡-Q-5
◇-A-9-5-4
♣-A-9-8

EAST
♠-K-J-4-3
♡-10-9-6
◇-Q
♣-Q-J-6-5-2

SOUTH
♠-A-Q-8-6
♡-A-K-J
◇-K-J-7
♣-10-7-4

WEST deals the hand, and all settle back to study their cards. Gone are the care-free days when a bid was just a bid, and a couple of aces meant something. Now they are playing contract, and every bid or intimation must be pregnant with meaning. Each is afraid to bid for fear of misleading his partner, and each in turn afraid not to bid lest a golden opportunity be allowed to slip away unseen.

West, however, soon despairs of figuring a bid out of his cards, promising though they seem, so he passes and bends upon his partner a look of calf-like innocence and wide-eyed inquiry which is intended to convey the message that he hasn't a bid but he has two aces. North, too, says "Pass," and East likewise, whereat West sniffs audibly.

South carefully "counts" his hand, ascribing to the aces a value of four each, to the kings a value of three each, to the queen two, and to the jacks one each. On this basis he figures the value of his hand at seventeen, which is not bad mental arithmetic as mental arithmetic goes, being in error by only one point. Figuring that this is enough for an original fourth-hand one-no-trump bid, but not enough for a two-trick bid, South says "One without," and looks expectantly at his partner for that ready, whole-hearted support which will enable them to bid and make a slam or at least a game. North, however, only mutters to himself and all pass.

WEST, that stickler for convention, leads the four of diamonds, his "fourth highest." South groans dismally as dummy lays out his hand, and plays the deuce. East's singleton queen drops under South's king. South begins to see daylight at this juncture—a possibility of daylight, rather, depending upon the location of the various cards. Sternly suppressing an impulse to lead out his aces at once, an impulse he is continually and not always successfully striving to overcome, South leads his jack of diamonds. Muttering "Cover an honor" to himself, West plays his ace and takes the trick.

Unable to recall a rule to fit the situation—he would gladly lead through strength if dummy had any apparent strength—West picks a card blindly, and it is the five of spades. Dummy's nine goes on, and East plays the king hopefully, only to see it topped by South's ace. South is now ready to try out the heart situation. With only five hearts against him, he does not despair—nay, he is even hopeful—of catching the queen on the second round.

So South blithely leads his ace and king of hearts in rapid succession, and has the satisfaction of catching West's queen, too lightly guarded, on his second lead. South takes his fifth trick with his jack of hearts, and pauses a moment to light a cigarette.

"You're going nicely, partner," compliments North. "Very nicely."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," replies South, carelessly, playing his seven of diamonds. West covers with his nine, but dummy's ten comes through to take the trick. Now South leads the eight and six of diamonds from dummy, and these, being the only diamonds out, add two more tricks to South's growing pile.

"I'm afraid the hearts are good, too," remarks South, with a false air of apology. He leads them, and sure enough they are. South, chortling gaily, does not mind having to lead to the opposition now. He leads the

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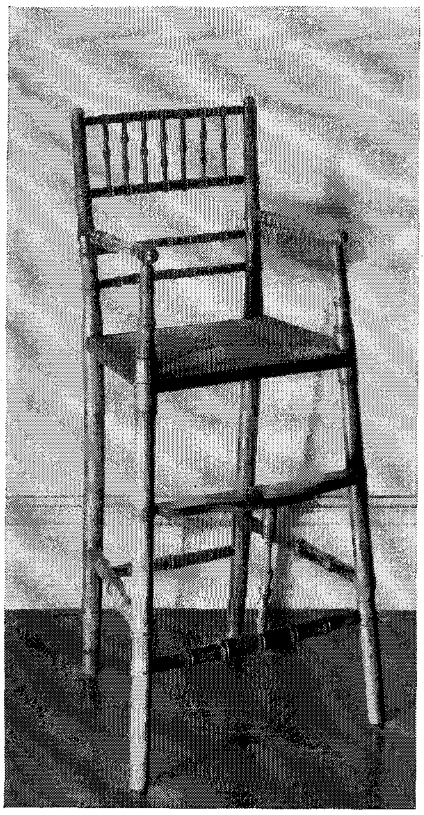

Child's high chair in elm wood—early 18th century

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three of clubs from dummy, and West takes the trick with his ace, but he has discarded not wisely but too well on the previous tricks, and his last card, the ten of spades, loses the trick to South's queen.

"ATTABOY, partner!" sings out North, gleefully. "Five no trump! You sure played that to a fare-you-well."

"Oh, I don't know," deprecates South, with unaccustomed modesty. "I had a lot of breaks." And who can say that he did not?

"Well, there's the first game," laughs North.

"In a pig's eye," snaps East. "You bid one no trump, and one trick is all you score below the line. That's thirty-five points, and game's one hundred. This is contract, you know."

"Wha-a-at!" gasps South. "Oh, my lord, I forgot!" Now South turns upon North. "Why didn't you raise me? Why didn't you raise the bid to three so we'd have got credit for the game?"

"Raise you!" replies North warmly. "What did I have to raise you on? One lone, solitary king was all I had."

"But I made five tricks out of your hand," points out South.

"You were just shot with luck or you wouldn't have made more than one," says North. "Anyway, why didn't you bid higher yourself, if you had a hand you could make five tricks on?"

"It wasn't worth more than a one-trick bid," explains South.

"But you *made* five," returns North with unassailable logic.

"All right, all right, all right, you two," interjects East. "How about continuing the inquest sometime tomorrow? We're playing cards tonight, and I might add that the game is contract bridge, not auction."

—JOHN C. EMERY

●

STENOGRAPHER—Gentleman with many vocations and avocations who expects to be absent from his office during latter part of February, all of March, part of May, and all of July and August, who when at his office generally arrives about 9:30 and leaves between 6 and 7 and is seldom there on Saturday, desires unusually competent female stenographer-typist, well-educated and with cultural background, to be employed only during such time as he is not absent. Box 138 City Hall Station.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Some nice girl with a couple of spare weeks on her hands.

A WORD FOR THE RED BOOK

IN the recent furore over the "Encyclopædia Britannica" another worthy compilation has unfortunately been overlooked by the critics. I refer to the Reuben H. Donnelley Red Book. So far I have had the opportunity to read only the section on "Associations," but in spite of this deficiency I rush immediately to the support of the Red Book. And why not? After all, how many reviewers have read the entire "Encyclopædia Britannica"?

As usual, in inclusiveness the Red Book has outstripped all its rival compilations, with the possible exception of the New York Telephone Directory. In fact, the wealth of new material has made it necessary to omit many of the old Red Book listings. What, for instance, has become of the "Independent Scow Captains Union" and the "United Sugar Samplers Assn"? And where are the "Hotel Greeters of Amer"? Have the recent hard times been too much for "Big Sisters Inc"? The editors do not tell us.

Many of the old favorites have been preserved, however. The "Funeral Chauffeurs Union," the "Rolling Steel Door Assn," the "White Rats Actor Union Local 20," the "Hok Shan Lung Hong Assoc," the "Soc for the Advancement of Hair and Beauty Science," and the "Egg Inspectors Union" are still with us, while to the "Paper Handlers and Sheet Straighteners Union No 1 IPP & AU" has been added the "Tuckers and Stitchers Union."

The "Wanderers Assn Inc," too, is apparently a hardy crew, as are the "Elite Headwaiters Assn of Amer" and, in spite of a rather touching modesty, the "Assn of Average Adjusters of U S." The "Assn of Ctn Textile Mchts of N Y" have fallen away, however, and I miss those other dependable Assns, "Miller Ben Inc" and "Gunthers' Gus."

The "United Waiters Bartenders and Cooks Association" is gone, but the "Bartenders Benevolent Prot Assn Local U No 3" still flourishes, and a further note of optimism is added by the "Women's Temporary Organization for Natl Prohibition Reform."

THE delightfully fantastic Donnelley humor is as prominently displayed as ever. What a rich imagination is indicated by "Neckwear Research Assn Inc.," "Guild of Mas-

● ●

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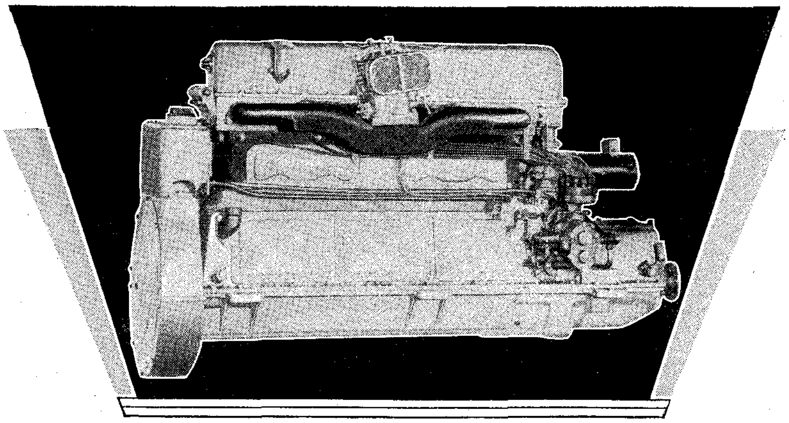

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HOTEL
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ter Direct Mail Craftsmen," "Hebrew Hayfever Relief Assn," and "Russian Bedworkers Union"!

In the matter of arrangement, Donnelley's still holds to the classic form of strict alphabetical order. Within the narrow limits of this convention considerable skill is shown. The coupling of "Knee Pants Contractors Assn" and "Knightly Friends Assoc" is a happy one. Equally felicitous is the pairing of "Defenders of Truth Society" and "Delicatessen Clerks Union," while the listing "Colonial Dames State of N Y" and "Colored Performers Social League" is an absolute triumph.

Much of the Red Book's individuality of style is derived from its fluent use of abbreviations, together with its rigid rejection of all forms of punctuation. I am happy to say that in the present volume the abbreviations are up to standard. "Bohemian Slov Frat Ben Un" has given way to "Czechoslovak Frat Un of Am Inc," but we are still offered "Joint Council of N Y C H C & M W I U" and "Local Union No 670 I-U-S & O E." Best of all, that previous masterpiece "Lds Tlrs Custm Drmkrs Thtrl Costm Alt Wkrs Un" is reprinted intact. We could ask no more.

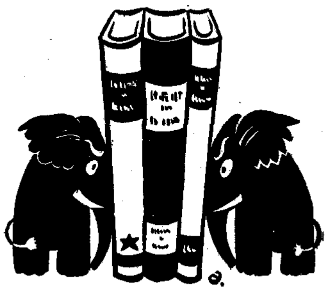
Donnelley's has managed, as before, to strike a nice balance between the languorous rhythms of foreign tongues and the historic cadences of our own native speech. In its hospitable pages, the "Fondo Unico Mortuario Della Grande Loggia Ordine Figli D'Italia in Amer" and "Ye Olde N Y Branch of the N Y State Assn of Retail Meat Dealers Inc" lie down together.

The Gertrude Stein influence, which was indicated in the 1928 Red Book by such passages as "Joint Bd Clk Skirt & Dressmkrs Union, Joint Board Cloak & Skirt Makers Unions, Joint Board Dress & Waist Makers Union, and Joint Bd of Cloak & Dress Makers of the Natl Organization Comm," becomes even more pronounced in the new edition. The Red Book not only reprints the above passage unchanged but, adding "Cloak Suit & Reefer Makers" for good measure, tries several new variations, and ends by repeating "Joint Board Suit Cloak Skirt Dress & Reefer Makers" over and over again until forcibly restrained by the "Joint Committee of Natl Utility Assn."

But this is a mere passing influence. Surely Donnelley's is itself again in the next section heading: "Asylums—See Homes"! —H. J. L.

RECENT BOOKS

The First Modern Mind—High Flattery —English Discontent—Poisoned Chocolates



Byron Steel's biography of Sir Francis Bacon is subtitled "The First Modern Mind." However, the biographer is less concerned with the progress of Bacon's philosophy than he is with the unfortunate man's attempts to persuade the Courts of Elizabeth and James to support him in the style to which he was accustomed. After a life of cadging and begging, Bacon finally landed in office and promptly grafted himself into a scandal. And so Mr. Steel shows you that the prophetic philosopher was the first victim of the first efficiency expert, a gentleman named Cranfield, whose snooping brought Bacon to the dust.

Mr. Steel does not involve himself in any Bacon controversies; this isn't one of your passionate autobiographies. It is a cool, detached, concise book written with very little effort to make Sir Francis either dramatic or heroic. The man was noble only in the seclusion of his library; when he took pen in hand to wheedle a favor out of a friend, he had the soul of a ward politician. The philosopher who wrote a sequel to Aristotle also believed in homemade remedies for the preservation of his health.

As for the Shakespeare controversy, Mr. Steel doesn't mention it in the body of the book, but devotes an appendix to listing the chief works that have been written on the subject. He also gives a chronological list of Bacon's own works. His biography, in fact, implies some foreknowledge of Bacon's work and a casual acquaintance with the era.

If you want to be flattered beyond belief, read "The Master of Destiny," by Frederick Tilney. It's a story of the evolution of the brain (and no cracks from *you*, please) and shows how we, racially speaking, attained a magnificent frontal lobe and intricate convolutions, undreamed of by the amoeba, never achieved by the gorilla, and unknown even to the most cultured Cro-Magnons. After tracing the development of a really noble organ, Dr. Tilney at the end rather batters our vanity by showing that even our splendid, almost ostentatious frontal lobe doesn't keep us from making great fools of ourselves. His retelling of the story of John Daniel, the gorilla, is also disturbing, because the pranks and habits of John are astonishingly like those of a visiting ten-year-old nephew. Dr. Tilney relates his fascinating story without involving the reader in scientific adventures that are beyond his depth.

"The Hidden City" is Philip Gibbs writing in the prevailing mood of most Englishmen. Sir Philip is critical, disillusioned, and discouraged because the tragedy of the war has hung so long over his country and because its reactions on individual character have been so ugly. The protagonist of Sir Philip's novel is a youngish doctor with a war background. The doctor finds himself involved in cases which show that London is harboring a vast psychic underworld. The thread of the novel is slight but its implications are rather dreadful. Sir Philip, with native restraint, tries to write in a light tone about social sins with which he is deeply disgusted. On the surface "The Hidden City" is just another good novel by an excellent author. At the bottom it is more disquieting than just a revelation of the war. It is as if Sir Philip expected to find war a terrible thing but is horrified to learn that peace is as bad, if not worse. Some day Sir Philip, or some other profoundly conscientious and high-minded English writer, is going to cut loose—it has been threatening now for a long time—and then from this terrible and vague national discontent will come a novel that will make Charles Dickens at his murkiest sound like A. A. Milne. As it is, there is more soul-sickness in "The Hidden City" than Sir Philip wished to reveal.

When the photograph of the author is forwarded in the review copy of a book that is anonymous, I am at a loss to know the ethics of the situation. So, disregarding the photograph, "Promise Not to Tell," with its chatter of Washington and London and young men in embassies, sounds like Nancy Hoyt. And as a matter of fact, the photograph is of Nancy Hoyt, so there's a coincidence for you!

The book, once you have racked your brains and ferreted out its authorship, isn't so much, being nothing but a series of letters between an English nobleman and an American girl who carried on a romance of mixed intentions. The letters are filled with small talk and you are invited to guess at the identity of the characters who flit through the pages. Who in London, for instance, is Tallulah Bankhead? And who in Washington are Alice and Nick? One of the things that rather ruined my enjoyment of the whole performance was the fact that, unless I looked for the signature, I couldn't tell the boy's letters from the girl's.

You will find the usual collection of Montague Glass stories in "You Can't Learn 'Em Nothin'." In some of the tales Mr. Glass follows the cloak-and-suiters to their heaven in the movies. I like him best when he is describing the preparations for a Jewish wedding or when his characters become involved in the succulent indiscretions of Jewish cookery.

There is nothing much to say about "I'm Lucky at That," except that it is a rambling story of a philosophical taxi-driver. I am not one of those who believe that naïve writing and comic spelling always contain nuggets of golden wisdom. David Betts' book would have been better if it had been shorter; but then that is my complaint against most books that are labelled humorous.

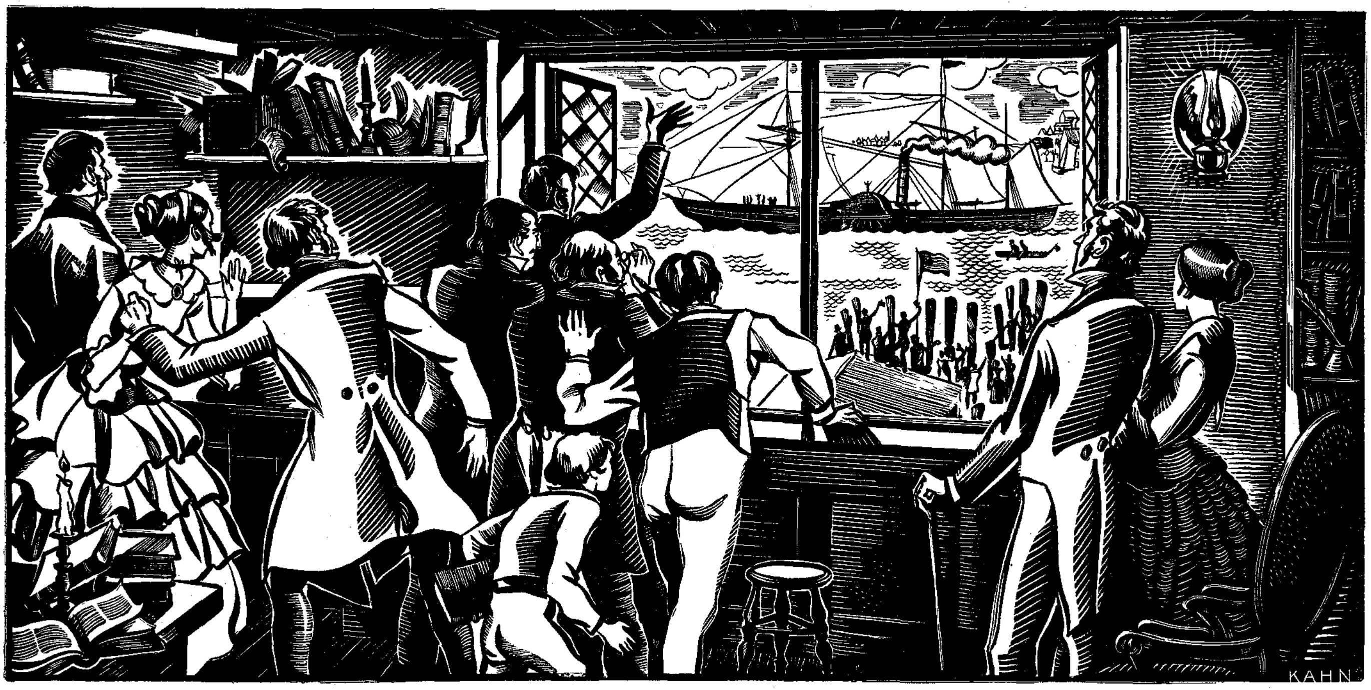
As for mysteries, there are two that deserve your kind attention. "The Poisoned Chocolates Case," by Anthony Berkeley, is one of the best-contrived puzzles I have ever read. Although not so elaborately written as one of Mr. Van Dine's jigsaws, it has an excellently constructed pattern. "Murder on the Palisades" is also above average, as is to be expected from any mystery by Will Levinrew. —A. W. S.

●

One of the festivals of Apollo—the Pyanepsia—was in reality a bean festival;
Which seems quite appropriate, for Apollo was the god of manly youth and beauty,
And the bean is a natural preserver of these admirable qualities,
Especially when artfully prepared and cooked, as at Childs.—*From a Childs menu.*

Suppose a man is homely, and wants lunch?

THE BRITANNIA-1840



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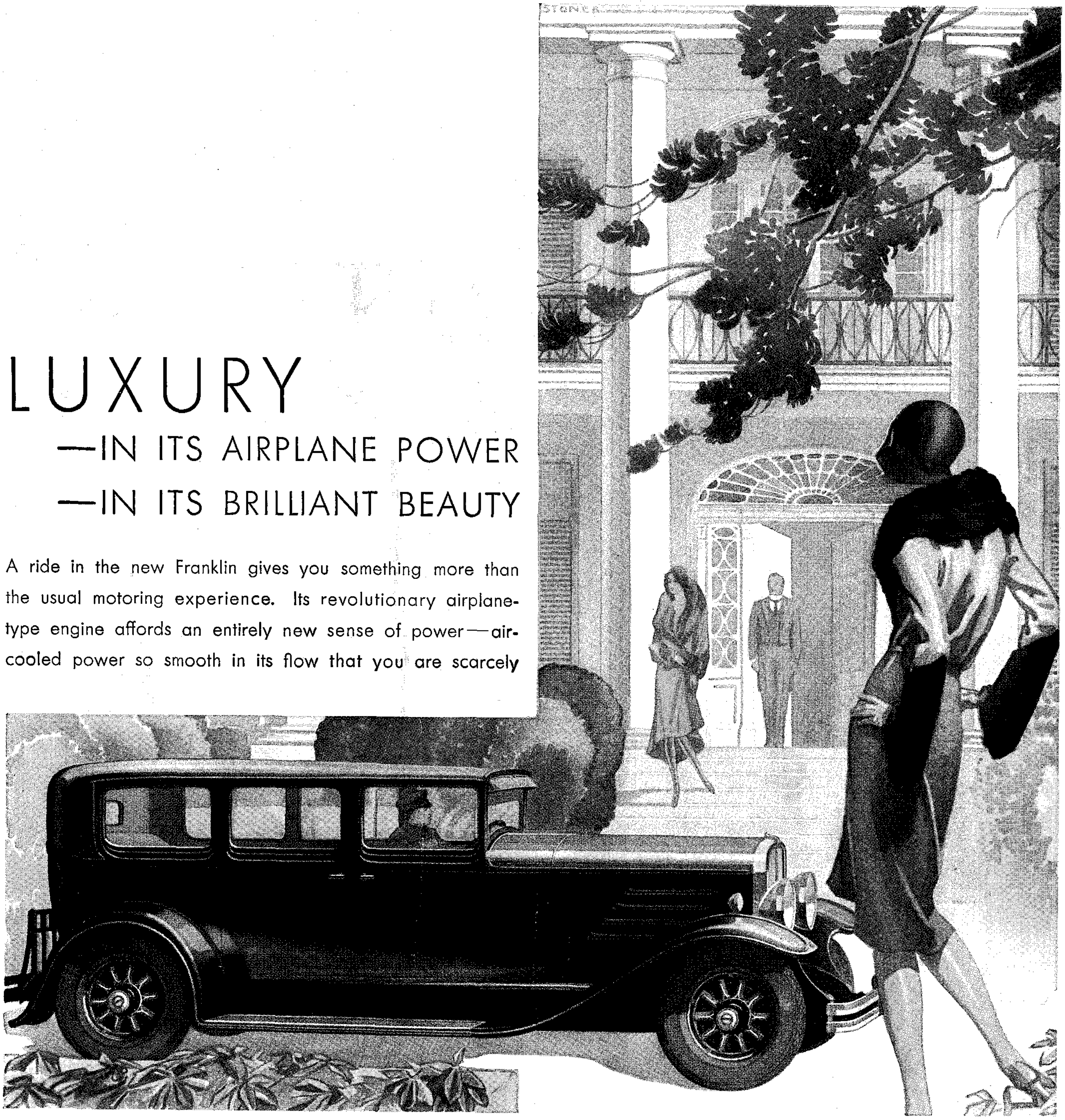

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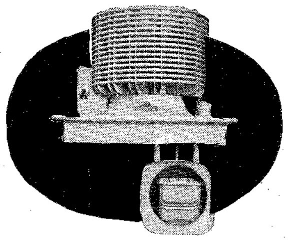

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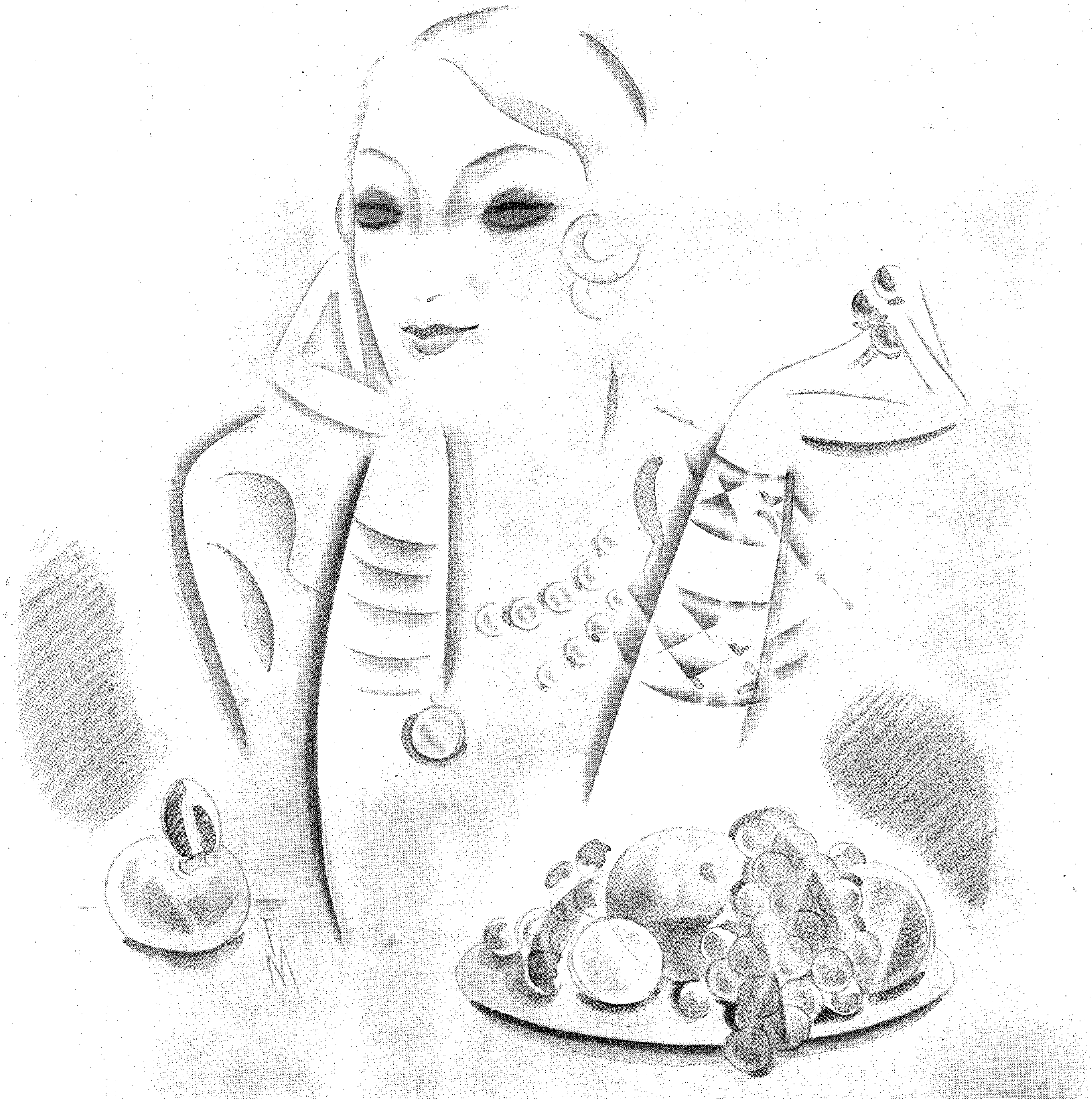

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